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GERMANY.

PRINCE BISMARCK has taken some further opportunities of explaining and justifying his ecclesiastical policy. As he pursues it, he necessarily finds himself brought into collision, or at least into controversy, with neighbouring Powers, and he thinks that these Powers ought at least not to help his enemies. We in England are so far off, we are so little mixed up with Continental matters, and know and care so little about theological controversies which do not much concern us, that we naturally fancy that every one would be likely to give Germany the answer we should give, and would say that Germany must pursue the course on which it has entered, but cannot ask others to mix themselves up in the matter. But in point of fact this is not the way in which the Continental neighbours of Germany treat the question which Prince BISMARCK presents to them. They may not be inclined to give him all the help he would like, but they do not say that they will stand altogether aloof from him. They do not treat the present policy of the Papacy as a matter with which they have no concern. The great Catholic Powers have, indeed, never so treated it. In the spring of 1870, before the outbreak of the war the disastrous issue of which might be supposed to have rendered France open to Prussian dictation, Count DARE, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, wrote two despatches to Cardinal ANTONELLI, in which the temporal consequences of the new policy of the Vatican were set forth in the plainest possible language, and the Vatican was informed that the relations previously subsisting between the State and Church in France must necessarily be considered as at an end. Count BEUST, on behalf of Austria, wrote in nearly the same terms, and spoke of the acts of the Papal party as "an attack on the laws under which Austria is governed." Had the war not broken out France could scarcely have failed to quarrel with the Papacy, as the EMPEROR gave notice that, in the event of the Ecumenical Council coming to the contemplated decision, the French Concordat would no longer be treated as valid, and the French troops would be withdrawn from the Papal territory. The sentiments of the Legitimists, who, after peace was made, had the dream of power glittering before their eyes for some months, were no doubt different, and they would have liked to use the arms of France for the restoration of the temporal power. As the detested BISMARCK is now the chief foe of Rome, writers like M. ABOUT are amusing themselves by speaking as if they had loved the POPE and his ways and his policy from their cradle. But at the time when the new policy of the Vatican had to be judged by those who were then responsible for the conduct of France, they conceived themselves bound to protest as strongly as Prince BISMARCK does now against what they considered to be a gross invasion of national rights. The Ultramontane party constantly asserts that no change has been made, that there is only a religious dogma the more, and that temporal interests are not in any way affected. Prince BISMARCK denies this, and says that the change is great, and the injury to temporal interests very serious. It is difficult to prove that the one assertion is more true than the other. But at any rate the opinion of France and Austria at the critical moment when what Prince BISMARCK calls a great change was being made entirely coincided with the view of Prince BISMARCK. Such an amount of support as Prince BISMARCK now receives from France and Austria is not to be attributed altogether either to fear or to politeness.

The French Government has stopped the French Bishops from issuing pastoral letters against Germany, and it now refuses to allow the members of the banished orders to settle in France on leaving Prussia. What France would do if the war had not placed it in a sort of subjection to Germany it is impossible to say; but it certainly is only pursuing a course consistent with the lines laid down by it before its power was broken, when it refuses to allow its soil to be made the camping-ground of those who are fighting for a policy against which no Government has protested more vehemently than that of France.

When Prince BISMARCK is asked what symptoms there are that such a change as he describes has passed over the policy of the Vatican, he points to two more especially. These are the subjection of the Bishops to the POPE, and the formation of a party in the Prussian Chamber which avowedly acts under the guidance of the Vatican. In old days, he says, Prussia got on well enough with the Catholic authorities, for those authorities were themselves Prussian in feeling as well as by birth. They had a secure position; they were more or less independent in their own spheres. They could govern in accordance with the views of the Catholic laity, and could make concessions calculated to preserve harmony between Catholics and Protestants, and to allow Germans to suppose that the culture they love so well was not necessarily wicked. But now the Bishops are the mere tools and slaves of Rome. Their national character has departed from them. They are the agents of a central power, and are bound to promote the doctrines of the Syllabus at command. This subservience of the Bishops to the POPE may possibly be too strongly stated by Prince BISMARCK; but it deserves notice that the French Ultramontane papers, while they accuse Prince BISMARCK generally of telling a lie every time he opens his mouth, own that the Bishops have not now the freedom in managing their dioceses that they used to have. In the next place, Prince BISMARCK tells the history of the Central party in the Chamber. When the formation of this party was originally in contemplation, Prince BISMARCK remonstrated with Cardinal ANTONELLI, and obtained an opinion from the CARDINAL adverse to the institution of a political group destined to act in obedience to Rome. But the promoters of the new party appealed from the CARDINAL to the POPE, or, as it was technically termed, from the POPE when badly informed to the POPE when better informed, and got the decision of Cardinal ANTONELLI reversed. Thus Prince BISMARCK has to confront a party which exists simply to do what a foreign priest tells them to do, which does not pretend to regard Prussian interests as of much importance, and under adequate guidance thwarts Prince BISMARCK in every possible way. This party is energetic and unscrupulous, and, as Prince BISMARCK concedes, has the control of a press which is better written and more lively than the press he controls can manage to be. If the influence of Cardinal ANTONELLI at the Vatican had lasted, Prince BISMARCK thinks that he would never have had occasion to quarrel with Rome; and if a man like ANTONELLI were to rise to power either as a new Pope or as the Minister of a new Pope, there is no reason, as Prince BISMARCK thinks, why peace between Germany and the Papacy should not be restored. But the present POPE, or those who guide him, are not for peace, and will not let Prince BISMARCK alone, and therefore, as he is thus challenged, he fights as hard as he can.

In one way Prince BISMARCK has recently had a success.

He has at last broken the opposition which the old Prussian Conservative party offered to him. This party, anxious to uphold the liberties and privileges of the Evangelical Church, objected to a series of measures which they thought told against their friends as much as against Ultramontane Bishops. This opposition has been one of the chief difficulties with which Prince BISMARCK has had to contend. This party is powerful at Court, and Prince BISMARCK has had to keep the KING firm against Court influences. Prince BISMARCK too used to belong to the party, and it was by its support that he originally rose to eminence. Not only had he the pain of breaking old ties and of finding himself opposed to friends with whom he had still much in common, but he had to throw himself on the support of some with whom he had little sympathy. Possibly he has gained more than he lost by his temporary separation from the Conservative party, as he never could have won the national confidence to the degree to which he has won it if he had seemed to be halting between two opinions. But it is impossible to doubt the sincerity with which he opened his arms to his old allies when one of their leading spokesmen in the debate on the new laws avowed his conversion to Prince BISMARCK's policy. He had, he said, resisted this policy for a long time, as he thought it injurious to the Church to which he belonged, but the last Encyclical of the POPE had altered his views. He thought the independence of the civil power was at stake, and he should not hesitate to do his duty to the KING and the country. In figurative language he described the POPE as having demanded a concession for a railway direct from Berlin to Canossa, and this was not the sort of railway which, as a good Prussian, he could stand. Prince BISMARCK made a reply in that curious vein of confidential frankness which distinguishes him. He always has his own definite opinions about everything. He is, as he informed his adversaries, an Evangelical Christian. He believes in the creed he professes, and it is in defence of the Gospel that he fights against the POPE. It is the cause of Protestantism that is at stake, and he is the champion of this cause. One of the leading Ultramontane papers recently made a declaration singularly in accordance with this utterance of Prince BISMARCK. It said that Prussia was the only real bulwark of Protestantism, and that to break down this bulwark was the aim of the adversaries of Prince BISMARCK, which they would accomplish before they laid down their arms. A very large number of the most ardent supporters of Prince BISMARCK do not care about Protestantism at all. They are fighting, not for a creed, but for learning, civil independence, and domestic security. They detest the Ultramontanes, not because they are theologically wrong, but because they strive to trample out culture and thought, and to make the priest the master of the home. But Protestantism is, even in these days, a strong power in Northern Germany, and Prince BISMARCK in his character of an Evangelical Christian will win the adherence of many who might have scruples in following a mere champion of culture and the State. The main position, moreover, on which Prince BISMARCK rests is quite true. There are many Protestants, as Englishmen are only too well aware, who are as illiberal as the most bigoted members of any denomination; but if the history of Protestantism is looked on as a whole, it has been the history of a religion in harmony with intellectual progress. Prince BISMARCK is quite justified in bringing this to the memory of a world which has become so mealy-mouthed that it scarcely likes to call spiritual tyranny and mental darkness by their right names.

THE BUDGET AND THE DEBT.

A NY discussion which may be raised on the present Budget will relate rather to Sir S. NORTHCOTE's speech than to the Resolutions which are to be voted. Mr. FAWCETT's motion may possibly give rise to a debate either on local taxation or on the demand for subvention from the taxes in aid of the rates; but it will be impossible to contend that any contribution of the kind could have been afforded during the present year. It would perhaps have been more judicious to introduce an unambitious Budget in a speech of corresponding brevity and simplicity. Although Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is better known as a

financier than as an orator, he seems to have thought it necessary to emulate the copious disquisitions of predecessors who had larger opportunities of displaying their eloquence. The House of Commons and the country would have been satisfied with a few words in confirmation of what they knew beforehand, to the effect that the prospective surplus was sufficient to cover a perceptible increase in the Estimates, and that it was both out of the question to reduce taxation and unnecessary to increase it. Some commentators have recognized in the speech of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, though not in his Budget, an exposition of principles which they approve as sound and comprehensive; but the declarations of a Minister derive importance from his power to embody his doctrines in the measures which he lays before Parliament. In speaking of the future, Sir S. NORTHCOTE occupied the level of any other financier of equal eminence. Even when he defended the Income-tax it was evident that his reasons were not required to support his conclusion. If he had been entirely opposed to the theory of direct and equal taxation, he must nevertheless have renewed an impost on which he relies for nearly four millions of revenue. Only a year ago Sir S. NORTHCOTE spoke of the same tax in ambiguous terms which seemed to indicate that he was inclining to the policy which had then recently been propounded both by Mr. GLADSTONE and by Mr. DISRAEELI. He now more judiciously defends the principle of maintaining an Income-tax as a permanent part of the financial system. There is, as he says, a certain political advantage in offering to the poorer classes of the community the spectacle of a burden from which they are entirely free; but much more forcible arguments may be found in the fact that the Income-tax is one of the least unjust and least oppressive forms of taxation. Hereafter perhaps its official defenders will discontinue the irrelevant apologies which they habitually offer for alleged inequality of incidence. As long as they admit theoretical objections which they well know to be fallacious, the pretext of practical difficulties of detail ought not to satisfy opponents.

The project of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER for dealing with the National Debt would be more important if it were not dependent on the policy of his successors and on the good will of future Parliaments. In substance the scheme involves the maintenance or increase of taxation for the purpose of reducing the Debt. If the object is allowed to be desirable, the plan of payment by annual instalments is preferable to the complicated contrivance of Terminable Annuities. If the nation is contented to set aside a portion of annual income for the discharge of debt, posterity will perhaps reap the advantage. It is a recommendation to any financial scheme that it is perfectly simple and intelligible. Until lately Chancellors of the Exchequer commonly effected the same object on a smaller scale by the use of a conventional fiction which always met with the connivance of the House of Commons. They pretended to believe that the revenue of the next year would not expand, and by the operation of law the surplus which was supposed to be unexpected was applied directly to the redemption of Debt. In this manner the nominal sum of the Debt has been reduced to a considerable extent; and after the adoption of Sir S. NORTHCOTE's scheme any surplus will still be employed for the same purpose. No interference is proposed with the Terminable Annuities already created; but no additional sums will be invested in a form which practically excludes private purchasers. The manipulation of the funds of which the Government is a trustee for various purposes has apparently reached its limit. It is fortunate that no capitalist can be found to buy the securities which recent Finance Ministers have been so anxious to issue. No private person who was bent on paying off heavy incumbrances would begin by granting annuities, even if he could find customers to take them. A similar mode of operating on the National Debt was chiefly recommended by the facility which it afforded of cheating the House of Commons into the maintenance of taxes which might otherwise have been abolished. The annuity once granted is as sacred as any other part of the National Debt, and payment must be regularly made, even when the revenue is insufficient to meet the ordinary expenditure. Mr. GLADSTONE's taste for terminable annuities was stimulated by the accident of his having held office at the time when the expiration of annuities to a large amount enabled him to introduce beneficial changes into the fiscal system. Mr. WARD HUNT during his brief management of the Exchequer, as well as

Mr. DISRAELI, thought it prudent to conciliate Mr. GLADSTONE, or to disarm his criticism, by the adoption of one of his favourite plans. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE deserves credit for disregarding a vicious precedent. Experience must prove whether his alternative proposal will produce any practical effect.

The first instalment of the new payments is to be made during the present year. The charge of the Debt is estimated in excess of the amount actually due by about 200,000*l*, and accordingly provision is made in the Budget for the difference between the real and the nominal amount of interest. It can scarcely have escaped the notice of the House of Commons that the scheme involved no change whatever in the destination of the surplus. If the expectations of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER are realized, somewhat less than half a million will be available for payment of debt. If nothing had been done, the amount would have been transferred to the National Debt Commissioners under the ordinary law. According to Sir S. NORTHCOTE's plan, one portion of the surplus will still be paid over in the usual manner, while the remainder will have been solemnly appropriated beforehand to the same purpose. After two years the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER proposes that the interest on the Debt shall become a fixed and permanent charge of 28,000,000*l*. The real amount of interest will be smaller in the first instance, and it will constantly decrease. In other words, a Sinking Fund will be established and maintained out of the annual income of the country. French Finance Ministers before the last war always included in their Budget a Sinking Fund of about 4,000,000*l*, while on the other side of their balance-sheet there was a much larger deficit. The consequence was that, although the Debt was never reduced, the national accounts displayed a praiseworthy love of economy. In England deficits occur only at considerable intervals; and there is no doubt that the community can afford to apply a portion of its revenue to the reduction of the Debt. It may be also conceded that, after the great relief which has been given of late years to taxpayers, it is not injudicious to attempt a reduction of the Debt, though there is but little profit to be derived from the investment of money at 3½ per cent. As the Debt is reduced the price of Consols will rise, if other things are equal, and the speculation will consequently become still less remunerative; but it would be for some reasons convenient to reduce a charge which withdraws nearly half the revenue from the control of the Government and the House of Commons. There is little danger that the experiment will be tried on too large a scale. When the difference between the arbitrary twenty-eight millions and the real charge for interest on the Debt amounts to a sum equal to the proceeds of the Malt duty, or even of the Income-tax, demands for diminished taxation will be difficult to resist. Extraordinary expenditure in the army and navy will be provided with comparative ease out of the fund nominally appropriated to the payment of debt. Above all, it will be impossible either to raise a new tax or to increase an existing tax, as long as two, three, or four millions are notoriously spent in buying up liabilities which would otherwise devolve on posterity. On the whole, it is better that a Chancellor of the Exchequer should deal only with the sum which may be actually at his disposal. Two-and-twenty years ago Mr. GLADSTONE added to an excellent Budget a prospective scheme of finance which utterly collapsed with the Crimean war. Before 1885 something unexpected is almost certain to occur.

THE IRISH DEBATE.

THE debate, if it can be called a debate, on Thursday night suggested points of considerable interest and importance. The first is whether Ireland needs a Coercion Act at all. Mr. SMYTH, who spoke with great moderation and fairness, although on the special question under consideration he opposed the Government, acknowledged that a Coercion Act of some kind was necessary. He drew the attention of the House more particularly to the peculiar festivities with which the inhabitants of Derry are in the habit of celebrating their famous siege. The Protestant party celebrate the triumph of their ancestors by going through a rehearsal of the original performance; and as a siege can scarcely be called a siege unless artillery

plays a prominent part in it, they claim a right to introduce a real cannon as part of their scenic machinery. But the Catholic party think that, if the defence may be in that way reproduced, so also may be the attack, and they want to have a grand day in which real guns shall be used to show how Derry was besieged. As Mr. SMYTH remarked, there would not be much harm done if the representation of the defence and attack were carried on at different times of the year. If Derry were besieged in August and defended in December, no worse effect might be produced than that of two days being devoted to the exhibition of senseless pageants calculated to inflame religious hatred. But this would be far too stupid a way of managing things to satisfy Irishmen, and if they were not repressed by a strong hand, they would celebrate the attack and defence on the same day, the real guns would go off on each side, and Derry would be made the theatre of a civil war. The Government, Mr. SMYTH thinks, is quite right in asking for powers to put down exhibitions of this sort. Nor did he contest the necessity of a general measure, although he was almost alone among the Irish speakers in being willing to make this concession to the Government. They, as a rule, entirely deny that any Coercion Act is necessary. The ordinary law existing in England would amply suffice, if vigilantly administered, to secure the peace of Ireland. They allow that the rigour of the exceptional measures now in force will be mitigated by the proposed Bill, but they urge that Ireland does not need any exceptional measures. Their main arguments are that Ireland is now tranquil, and that the priests, who best know the people, are strongly of opinion that Ireland would in any case remain tranquil. The subsidiary arguments, that it is a sad thing that one part of the British Isles should be treated in a manner different from that in which other parts are treated, and that under a repressive system some innocent persons are inconvenienced, do not attract much attention, because every one admits them. The question is not whether a Peace Preservation Act is desirable, but whether it is necessary. That under the existing Acts an amount of tranquillity has been secured which is tolerably satisfactory does not prove much. If Coercion Bills did not produce tranquillity, there would be no use in them or defence for them. The tranquillity they produce may be solely due to their continuance, and then they must be continued; or they may have done their work, have really stamped out the seeds of evil and made the country peaceful at heart, and then they ought to be repealed. Who at any particular moment is to judge whether their continuance is a matter of necessity or not? The Irish members say that, in the case of Ireland, the priests are the best judges. It is impossible to agree to this. The priests know the people, and they also know what the people would like. They can, at no cost to themselves, gratify the wishes of their humble friends. They have not to carry out the laws. They have not to see that peace is preserved. If a mistake is made, the responsibility does not fall on their shoulders. The reason for passing a Bill continuing exceptional measures of repression is that those who have to do the real work, the magistrates and the police, are strongly of opinion that such measures are indispensable. The magistrates and the police may be too timid or too fond of extraordinary powers, and therefore their decision ought not to be accepted as final. The Government is the supreme and final arbiter to which the question is to be referred. Every one knows that no English Government likes to pass Irish Coercion Acts. It is only with great reluctance that in this generation Ministry after Ministry, irrespectively of parties, has found itself compelled to have recourse to them. Mr. DISRAELI, especially, would have been delighted to signalize his accession to office by showing that he could do without the machinery for preserving peace which the authors of the Irish legislation of 1869 and 1870 had found necessary. But now that real responsibility rests on him, now that he has to say that people in Westmeath shall be safe or that they shall not, he pronounces coercive legislation of some sort absolutely necessary. The real argument, therefore, in favour of the Government measure is that the persons practically concerned in administering the law proclaim its necessity, and that their opinion is endorsed by a Government which would have been very glad to have come to a different conclusion.

The question before the House on Thursday night was

not, strictly speaking, whether a Coercion Act should be passed, but whether an intelligible Coercion Act should be passed. The Irish members complain of the mode in which the Government Bill is drawn. They say that no one can understand it, and they claim that, if Ireland is to be subjected to exceptional legislation, the provisions of this legislation shall be couched in clear and simple language, so that Irishmen may know what they may do and what they may not do. It is quite true that the Government measure is framed after the usual fashion adopted in the construction of Acts of Parliament. It is a medley of references to former Acts. A little bit of an old Act is retained, another little bit is cut away. The effect of the measure is only to be ascertained by reference to a complicated and voluminous mass of previous legislation. This is not at all the fault of the Parliamentary draftsman. The Government is responsible for the form of the Bill, and this, as the IRISH SECRETARY said, is the form they think best. That the Bill should be unintelligible is not a peculiarity of this Bill. It is not a special and exceptional insult or outrage to Ireland. It is the characteristic of Acts of Parliament in general. It is the way in which Parliament habitually legislates. The Irish members must not complain. They form part of a United Parliament, and this is the best form of legislation which this Parliament can devise. This is quite true. No one ever thinks of an Act of Parliament as a document which a person who is not an expert can interpret. Even experts do not ordinarily profess to understand it until it has been interpreted to them by Judges. An Act of Parliament is thrown over as a sort of challenge to the Bench to see what they can make of it. The reasons for this method of proceeding, to which, no doubt, there are some theoretical objections, are two. The Parliamentary draftsman, in the discharge of the duties entrusted to him, does not think of the public when he frames a Bill; he thinks of the Government and of the Courts of Law. He is employed by the Government, and they tell him to help them, and he does help them. They can pass a confused Bill, full of references to other Acts, much more easily than they could pass a clear and complete Bill. They can puzzle the House, can save amendments and discussions, and can allow the Law Officers to speak with the weight of authority on points which none but lawyers who have got up the special question can understand, if they legislate for the future by hiding themselves in the legislation of the past. Governments have very much to do. They have many Bills to pass. As it is, discussion makes a great inroad on the limited time at the command of the Government, and every legitimate means to accelerate the measures of the Government must be taken; and one of these means, which in practice has been found very valuable, is to make their measures incomprehensible. This is, at any rate, the official way of putting the matter, and we ought to try fairly to estimate it at what it is worth. Then, again, the draftsman has to keep the Judges in mind. They will, he believes, try to get round his Act if they can. They are his enemies; and he has to build up a wall to keep them out. He has to think over every point of which they could take advantage, and ingeniously stop them beforehand. This is owing to the view which the Courts take of statutes, which are regarded not as embodiments of guiding directions, not as enunciations of leading rules, but as importations of changes into the existing law; and, unless each change is made so precisely that there can be no doubt about it, the existing law is to prevail. If any one will try to construct a sentence, not so that any one wishing to understand it could understand it, but so that a clever critic could not pick a possible hole in it, he will realize some of the difficulties which the draftsman has to overcome, and to overcome which he employs the peculiar style which characterizes the Statute Book.

Thursday's debate also raised another point of general interest, and that is, how Parliament is to go on at all if members talk as much as the rules of the House permit them to talk. Mr. BIGGAR, in moving an amendment to the motion to go into Committee, spoke, or at least remained on his legs with his lips seeming to move, for nearly four hours. He wisely made the feat as little exhausting to himself as possible, and spared his voice by not using it. It was noticed, however, that he occasionally seemed to have come to an end of what might be supposed to be

his arguments, and then he appeared to while away the time with perusing BLACKSTONE'S Commentaries and a Blue Book. Where is this style of oratory to stop? Supposing in a debate on an ecclesiastical question a member got up and conveyed, by a pantomime more or less expressive, that he was going through the Old Testament *in extenso*, no one could stop him. The only thing to do would be to count him out, or to wait till he had finished, or until his legs gave way and he fell down. But a Government cannot allow a count-out when its measures are under discussion, and therefore on Thursday night there was nothing to do but to wait till Mr. BIGGAR had done. His voice was probably as fresh as ever, owing to the wise economy with which he had used it; but at ten o'clock he got to the end, not of his matter, for he could have read only a comparatively small portion of the four volumes of BLACKSTONE, but of his legs, and he sat down. It was easy work then for other Irish members to fill out the rest of the evening, and the debate had to be adjourned. The House had had a debate of from seven to eight hours, and was not in the slightest degree forwarder than when it met. The amendment of Mr. BIGGAR was not in itself objectionable. The notion that, if people are to obey laws they should be able to understand them, is so natural a one that it is quite proper that from time to time, on fitting occasions, new members should have it explained to them that this is impossible, and that the phraseology of Acts of Parliament is, in an esoteric sense, the right one. But Mr. BIGGAR did not stand for nearly five hours in order to invite this explanation. He might have started his difficulty and received the official solution of it in half an hour. He wanted, what we will not call to talk, but to stand and mumble the Bill out. It was his proud privilege to be able to impede legislation in this way, and he used his privilege to the utmost of his standing power. This is an annoyance to which the House of Commons is perpetually subject, and it is remarkable how seldom in real life it suffers from it. The mode in which it escapes the danger is well illustrated by what took place on Thursday night. In the first place, as little irritation is displayed as possible, so that feelings of personal susceptibility may not be awakened. Then an appeal is made to the good sense and good feeling of those who have arranged to place the obstacle in the way of the Government. Lastly, a significant hint is given that, if the Bill is delayed by unparliamentary means, recourse must be had to a morning sitting. This brings a strong amount of pressure of a private kind to bear on the irreconcilables. They do not like to be the cause of infinite annoyance and inconvenience to individual members, and, having been treated civilly, and having had their momentary gratification, they are won over to the paths of pleasantness and peace. We can only trust that these gentle means may be found effectual in this instance, and that during future debates on the Bill no Irish member will think it worth while to try the experiment whether he too can stand as long and say as little as Mr. BIGGAR.

THE COMING ELECTIONS IN FRANCE.

IT seems at last to have been made clear to the members of the French Assembly that in passing the Constitutional Laws they have exhausted their powers and have nothing before them but to die with dignity. Dissolution has often been talked about before this, but it has always been with a proviso that it must come if something else did not come instead. Now it is talked of without any proviso. Whenever it seemed impossible to bring together a majority upon the question uppermost in the minds of the deputies, political physicians used to shake their heads gloomily and predict that the patient must take a speedy turn for the better*if he wanted to escape death. The turn for the better has been taken, but a new fear has come into being at the same time. It is not enough that a majority should be brought together; it is equally necessary that it should be kept together. To accomplish this latter object is beyond the capacity even of those ingenious workmen who have dovetailed the Radical and the Moderate Left and the Right and the Left Centre into a single political whole. The Republic has been voted, and if the deputies could now go home and cease to legislate, the country might be content to remain in happy igno-

rance as to what sort of a Republic it is. But an Assembly cannot distribute itself in this way, and so long as it remains at Versailles it must go through the form of having new laws submitted to it. It is an inevitable part of the process that these new laws should some time or other be voted upon, and the pressure which carried the Bill for the transmission of powers cannot be kept in constant operation. It has proved possible to organize a Republic from sheer fear of the Empire; but it would not be possible to pass a Budget in the same way. The unanimity to which discordant materials can be reduced at the moment of a critical division cannot be trusted to continue through the wear and tear of ordinary Parliamentary work. The fact that the four sections of which the majority is composed have scarcely any point of agreement beyond the acceptance of a Republican form of Government, coupled with the fact that the secession of any one of these sections would be destructive of the majority, has apparently convinced even those who have most reason to dislike a dissolution that it is the least of two evils. With the present Assembly no Parliamentary Ministry can hope to remain in office, and as the PRESIDENT cannot be left without a Cabinet of some kind, he will be driven to take one which, having no claim to represent a majority in the Chamber, will have no Parliamentary virtue. Even the Right Centre are not prepared to see this state of things brought about without making an effort to prevent it. Their devotion to Parliamentary institutions is not very ardent, but it is genuine in its way. They care little how a Parliamentary majority is obtained, or whether it represents a majority elsewhere, but they are uneasy at the thought of dispensing with it altogether. If it is admitted that M. BUFFET cannot control the existing Chamber so as to ensure the passing of the necessary measures, another Chamber must take its place. It is a necessity which they regret, but they recognize it all the same.

This feeling of regret is perhaps shared by some of those who, as far as professions go, are most anxious to hurry on a dissolution. The Radical Left have been brought into a state of such admirable discipline that M. GAMBETTA may well sigh when he thinks of the work that lies before him with his new recruits. It is not only that he will have to go over the same ground again; he may have to go over it with diminished powers of getting what he wants done. In the existing Assembly his followers are plainly in a minority. They can effect nothing except by a coalition with other parties. It must be a very dull Radical that does not perceive that, if his only chance of seeing the Republic established is to keep on good terms with M. DUFRAUDE, he must show himself a very moderate person indeed. M. GAMBETTA has not had to point to distant consequences by way of warning his followers against violence; it has been enough for him to point to the deputies with whom they have been associated in divisions. The mere sight of these stolid Conservative faces has had the desired effect. The Radical has submitted to overwhelming force, and been silent because to speak was plainly to court swift destruction. In the new Chamber parties will be differently balanced, and though the Radicals will probably not be a majority, they may be a very much larger minority than they are at present. In that case it may be hard to keep them within bounds. They can understand the obligation of prudence when the disregard of it stands for immediate and irretrievable defeat in the Chamber. But imprudence may not be obviously fatal if the Radicals number nearly half the deputies. They may think with some reason that, where parties are nearly equal, energy and determination sometimes stand in the place of numbers, and that they have only to show themselves resolute to win over the few wavering votes which are all that is needed to give them the victory. M. GAMBETTA is not likely to be deceived by any such theory of Parliamentary strategy. He knows that the danger which Radical excesses are likely to provoke has its seat in the country rather than in Parliament. If the result of a dissolution were to give him a working majority in the Chamber of Deputies, he would still remember that there was a nation behind the Chamber, that the return of a Radical majority only meant that the electors had ceased to identify Radicalism and Revolution, and that, if the first acts of the Radical majority proved that this identity still existed, the Republic would soon make way for a reactionary Government. There is no reason to suppose, therefore, that the partial and comparative successes which the Radicals may be expected to win in the coming elec-

tions will in any way modify M. GAMBETTA's policy. That policy is to convince the rural electors that political Radicalism is not incompatible with social Conservatism, and no change in the composition of the Chamber will make it less necessary to create this conviction in their minds. But this policy is probably only indistinctly apprehended by the bulk of the Radical party, and M. GAMBETTA may find it harder to make them see it when they are a real power in the Chamber than he has found it throughout four years of defeat and prostration.

The most interesting features, perhaps, in the approaching constitutional changes are the composition and working of the Senate. According to a Correspondent of the *Times* the senatorial elections occupy a larger share of public attention just now than the elections for the Chamber of Deputies. This fact goes some way to demonstrate the wisdom of the provision which gives the election of Senators to those local Assemblies with which every Frenchman is familiar. It is at least possible that the Second Chamber, though returned by a system of indirect election, may more truly represent the nation than a popular Chamber returned by the system of *scrutin de liste*. The electors will be men who have been accustomed to work together, and who know how many things go to make up life besides the passing of sensational Bills through Parliament. They will be likely to return Senators who have shown themselves good men of business in their own neighbourhoods, or, if they go in search of political eminence, they may be expected to prefer eminence that rests on past performance rather than on self-estimating promise. A Senate elected on this principle will be a solid and business-like body. It may also be a little dull; but, considering that the popular Chamber will always be at hand to correct and counterbalance any excess in this direction, even dulness may be a valuable quality. The ordinary weakness of such a Chamber as this is that nobody cares a straw for it; and it is on this account that it is important that the election for the Senate should excite a genuine interest throughout the country. If the nation has really bestirred itself about the election of a Second Chamber, it will not be disposed to see its work treated with contempt. It will exact from one of its creations a proper show of respect for the other. It will make the deputies understand that their function will not be to insult the Senators, but to co-operate with them; and that when the electors express their opinions through a double set of representatives, neither of them has the right to assume that it is the exclusive embodiment of the popular will. Whether anything so Utopian will ever be realized in France is a point upon which hope is safer and more attainable than expectation.

LANDLORD AND TENANT.

DEBAVES in the House of Lords on the Agricultural Holdings Bill have the merit of being conducted by speakers who thoroughly understand the subject of discussion. The farmers, who at meetings of Agricultural Chambers invariably arrive at opposite conclusions to those of the landlords, are not less entitled to the credit of familiarity with the question. It therefore seems probable that one or both classes of disputants may be more or less unanimously biased by interested motives. The tenants have in the controversy a great advantage in the support of amateur theorists. When any dispute arises between an aristocratic part of the community and any other section, popular philanthropists eagerly adopt the cause of any possible assailant of property or of rank. The farmers themselves are not too humble to be denounced as oppressors when they come into collision with the labourers. The duty of encouraging by legislative coercion the production of what is called food for the people was forgotten when the farmers objected to combinations which were formed with the avowed object of rendering cultivation dearer. The Agricultural Holdings Bill, whether its provisions are permissive or compulsory, will probably never affect the price of grain by a penny in the bushel; and even if it tended to promote the cheapness of farm produce, it is scarcely the business of Parliament to interfere with prices. The artisan whose industry is employed in making a bale of cotton or a ton of iron does an equal service to society with the farm-labourer who helps to produce corn of equal value. The iron or the cotton may be

exchanged for food as nutritious, and, on the assumption, as cheap, as if it had been grown on the spot. Nevertheless it is the prevailing opinion of politicians and economists that it is not expedient to meddle with the conditions of production. Trade-Unions limit the creation of wealth far more directly and more effectually than the contracts between landowners and tenants; but it has at last been discovered that freedom involves the right of men to do what they will with their own. If the loss incurred by the South Wales lock-out were reduced into terms of the food which might have been purchased with the same sum of money, the calculation would exhibit startling results; but no one proposes a measure for compelling the ironmasters to re-light their furnaces, or the men to accept reduced wages.

In less enlightened times the exclusive possessors of political power passed numerous laws for the regulation of wages. In the same spirit the farmers who can now control at their pleasure the representation of counties demand, in more or less explicit terms, a share in the property of their landlords. There is no real difference of opinion about the nominal topic of dispute. It is admitted on all hands that the successor to unexhausted improvements should pay the outgoing tenant the value of a substantial and measurable commodity. The practice has long been established either by custom or by agreement, and there seems to be no objection to a legislative enactment which will in disputed cases raise a presumption in favour of the occupier. If the Bill is passed in its present form, it will probably in the course of two years become operative in a great part of England. Tenancies from year to year, except in certain counties, more common than leases; and, especially on great estates, they confer not the least secure and permanent form of possession. It is provided that, subject to any contract in writing between the landlord and tenant, the Act shall apply to contracts of tenancy taking effect after its commencement, and that current contracts of tenancy from year to year shall be deemed to take effect at the end of the first year of tenancy begun and completed after the commencement of the Act. Landlord and tenant will therefore have eighteen months or two years in which they may consider whether it is their interest to except themselves from the Act. The tenant is supposed to desire compensation, and in nine cases out of ten the landlord, whatever may be his opinion of the new law, will do nothing to obviate any objection which he may entertain. If he remains silent, he is bound by the Act during the continuance of the tenancy, and, as farms occasionally become vacant, he will seldom make exceptions to the practice which will have become uniform on the bulk of the estate. A compulsory clause would in the first instance have nearly the same result, but the precedent of legislative compulsion would be objectionable and dangerous.

One of the peculiarities of the instructive debates in the House of Lords is the mode in which the judgment formed of the Ministerial proposal has been influenced by political opinion. The most unfavourable criticisms on the measure have proceeded from the Duke of SOMERSET, Lord MORLEY, the Duke of ARGYLL, and Lord GRANVILLE. It was perhaps the duty of the leader of the Opposition to make the most of the defects of a Bill which would, as he contended, be nugatory if it were permissive, although he was not himself prepared to support compulsion. Lord GRANVILLE modestly disclaimed any capacity to judge whether the Bill would increase the production of food. With the exception of a few words in Committee, Lord DERBY has taken no part in the debates, perhaps because he was conscious that his own solitary deviation into exaggerated rhetoric had furnished a principal argument to the advocates of compulsory legislation. Lord GRANVILLE plainly indicated his own distaste to the doctrine of interference between landlord and tenant. The Duke of ARGYLL argued with greater earnestness against the danger which is undoubtedly to be apprehended, not from the Duke of RICHMOND's Bill, but from the countenance which it affords to a formidable agitation. Sentimental enthusiasts are already wild with delight at the unanimity with which Chambers of Agriculture demand whatever they can get, and with the defeat of some Cheshire landlords by the farmers at a meeting held to consider the Bill. It is known that many adherents of the Government are dissatisfied and alarmed by a measure which may perhaps place county members in a position of antagonism to their constituents. The Irish Land Act may perhaps have been justified by paramount considera-

tions of political expediency; but it has established a precedent which, as in all similar cases, will be quoted as a reason for further extensions. Lord MIDLETON truly remarked that freedom of contract was impaired in Ireland only in the cases of small farmers, and that the class which corresponds to the great majority of English occupiers is exempt from the compulsory clauses. The amendments, therefore, which will be proposed in the House of Commons will involve a novel encroachment on the rights of property. The Duke of RICHMOND and his colleagues are perhaps not to be blamed for opening a controversy which is likely to be bitter and troublesome. By introducing a Bill which concedes a part of the demands of the Chamber of Agriculture they deprive their political adversaries of the opportunity of becoming the patrons of the farmers. The Duke of ARGYLL and Lord GRANVILLE would probably, if they had been in office, have found themselves parties to a measure at least as questionable as that of the Duke of RICHMOND.

The best part of the Bill, though it provoked some unfavourable comment, is the further relaxation of the restrictions on freedom of action to which limited owners are subject. It is fit that reversioners and remaindersmen should be duly protected; but their rights ought not to stand in the way of improvements in which they also have a contingent interest. Great difference of opinion prevails on the propriety of tolerating arrangements by which land is secured for two generations from alienation. It is undoubtedly a drawback to the system of entail that the actual possessor of landed property is not the absolute master. He ought as far as possible to be qualified to fulfil all the duties which might be discharged by a holder in fee simple. If it is just that an outgoing tenant should receive compensation, his claim cannot be affected by the artificial multiplication of estates in the soil. His right should be capable of assertion against the owner for the time being, who may be presumed to profit by the improvements effected on the land, and not against the personal representative of a former owner. The debates in the House of Commons will be more exciting than the examination by capable speakers in the House of Lords of the merits of the Bill. Economic theorists will rejoice in the opportunity of expounding their doctrines, and Sir G. CAMPBELL, now that he is returned for Kirkaldy, will explain that there is no such thing in England or in India as property in land. Party managers, notwithstanding the opinions of their political allies in the House of Lords, will attempt to set the landlords at variance with the tenants, and perhaps some county members may unwillingly submit to the exigencies of their constituents. As the Bill has been introduced, it is, on the whole, desirable that it should be passed.

ARMY RECRUITING.

THE necessity and the hopelessness of army reform were clearly shown in the debate on Lord ELCHO's motion. Mr. GATHORNE HARDY wishes our present system of military organization to have a fair trial, and he would proceed with the utmost caution, although he regrets that when the scheme was introduced more was not done to provide a Reserve in the first instance. He admits that there is no Reserve now, and it is doubtful whether there ever will be any under the system which is to have a fair trial. He believes that 30 per cent. of our infantry troops are by no means satisfactory, but there are 70 per cent. of which "the opposite may fairly be said." The faint praise of the Minister is more alarming than the censure of Lord ELCHO. Both agree that the effective force of regular infantry at home cannot be safely put at more than 35,000 men. Mr. HARDY admits that it would be desirable to get the same class of men for the army as go into the police, but "he did not see that with any moderate outlay they could secure such men for the army." Referring to the army as it was twenty years ago, he allows that the recruits did not show in the same way that they do in the army of to-day, "but as they went on with the short service they would see more and more of the youthful condition of their home battalions." This at any rate is clear. "The object must be to provide a Reserve of such a character as would efficiently fill up these battalions if occasion required." If this is Mr. HARDY's object, and if he steadily pursues it, he will spend a large sum of money. It is not likely that any "moderate outlay" will

secure this object, and the country is entitled to be told whether Mr. HARDY will do that which he admits to be necessary, or will continue to evade the performance of a disagreeable duty. Mr. HARDY indeed admits that a great deal remains to be done, and that the military authorities are bound to see that the reserves are forthcoming, and that they should be found in readiness when their services are required. Of course if Mr. HARDY really intends within any moderate time to provide efficient reserves the country would be satisfied. But all turns on what the test of efficiency is to be. We are told that "the time "will come" when it will be necessary to allot to every man in the Reserve the place in which he should appear when wanted. We should have thought that the time had come already. It is perhaps easier to fix the places for the men than to ensure the men appearing in the places.

If we did not believe that Mr. HARDY means more than he says, the prospect of army reform would be desperate. But it may be hoped that, with proper consideration for the feelings of Lord CARDWELL, he will proceed to remedy some of the more glaring defects of that Minister's plan. "It was said," said Mr. HARDY, "that they ought to have "in the front rank a certain number of regiments of the "highest standard. That was a subject that required "grave consideration." Mr. HARDY may take any reasonable time for consideration if he will promise to act when he has considered. But really this subject does not require any consideration. As our army will always be small, it ought to be of the best quality, and nobody pretends that it now is. "It might be necessary," says Mr. HARDY again, "in time of war to take steps to obtain an "efficient Army Reserve as soon as possible." But while steps are being taken the country may be invaded, and an Army Reserve obtained as soon as possible may be too late for any useful purpose. The Marquess of HARTINGTON complacently assumes that, if there had been anything "radically wrong" in Lord CARDWELL's plan, it would by this time have been found out. But the opponents of that plan say that under it the British army will in a few years disappear, and we can only tell by waiting the appointed time whether this appalling prediction will be verified. Lord HARTINGTON considers it a sufficient defence of his party to say that, if no plan had been proposed, the army would have disappeared all the same. His speech is even more disappointing than that of Mr. HARDY, because the latter does admit, although very guardedly, that there are defects which must be remedied, while the former quietly assumes that everything is all right. It is useless to discuss any further the Report of the Inspector-General of Recruiting, because Mr. HARDY has told us that 30 per cent. of our infantry are unsatisfactory, and this statement cannot be got rid of as a "vague" and "wild" assertion.

The only specific recommendation of Lord ELCHO is the ballot for the militia, and if that is as unpromising as his critics represent, it only follows that some more effectual plan of compulsion must be adopted. One critic objects that the ballot would only give us infantry, and not cavalry or artillery; but if we could get the infantry, the country would be reasonably secure. It is said that in the early years of this century the acceptance of volunteer in lieu of militia service was carried so far that more than four-fifths of the total defensive force were volunteers, and it is suggested that this force was largely inefficient. It is difficult after the lapse of seventy years to bring this question to a practical test; but we may remember that the volunteer of 1804 was face to face with stern reality; and, as in civil life, when men have work to do, they generally prepare themselves to do it. Allowing fully the shortcomings of the system of 1804, we may at least say that it succeeded. It maintained the military spirit of the country, and brought the war to an honourable termination. It seems probable that the regular cavalry and artillery would require as many horses as it would be possible to provide, but there could be no difficulty in arming militia or volunteers as artillery, and in fact it has been done already. Lord ELCHO estimates the effective force of infantry we could put in line at 30,000, and the Army and Militia Reserves are calculated to yield another 25,000. This is the outside that could be reckoned on both for operations abroad and defence at home. The 25,000 militiamen would be "practically untrained," and beyond them recourse must be had to "bribes and bounties." Mr. HARDY, as we have said, allows that 30 per cent. of our infantry are "unsatisfactory," and he would probably

admit that one-fifth for casualties is a fair deduction, so that his estimate of effectives would be about 35,000. The total paper strength of the Reserves is 32,000, but surely we make a highly favourable assumption in supposing that 25,000 would turn up. How long is it thought that this force of 60,000 bayonets would sustain the waste of war, bearing in mind that our honour, if we regard it, may require us to send a force abroad? It is intended that the men of the Reserves, when collected, shall be embodied in the existing regiments of the line. They will be older than the boyish recruits whom Mr. HARDY saw at Aldershot, but they will be imperfectly trained, and the regiments in which they are incorporated will not be homogeneous. However, that is all we have to trust to; and when we have expended our 60,000 infantry, we come to the militia and volunteers, having already deducted from the former the Reserve which is to fill up our regiments of the line. The cheerful audacity of Mr. CAMPBELL BANNERMAN cannot by any arrangement of figures alter the result in which Mr. HARDY and Lord ELCHO substantially concur. Complaints are made as to the quality of recruits, and Mr. CAMPBELL BANNERMAN believes they have been answered. But, except perhaps Lord HARTINGTON, nobody else believes this. We do not want evidence of notorious facts. It is idle to talk of the average age of infantry recruits when there is no security that the age is truly stated. We need not, however, look beyond a recent Parliamentary return, on which this gentleman bases his satisfaction with the existing state of things. It appears that seventy-eight commanding officers of regiments are "satisfied," twenty-six are "fairly satisfied," and thirty-two are dissatisfied with the recruits sent to them. The dissatisfaction is expressed by such remarks as "recruits of low physique and unlikely to "form efficient soldiers," "extreme youth and debility," "feeble and young," "want of strength," "infirm physique," "weakly." If we allot half the intermediate class of recruits to one side and half to the other, we shall obtain almost exactly the same proportion as Mr. HARDY stated, of 30 per cent. of our infantry troops which were "by no means satisfactory." It is to be hoped therefore that up to this point all disputants are agreed. Mr. HARDY reminded his hearers that the country had not failed in the wars in which it had been engaged; and, though it had met with great disasters, it had managed to come out of them creditably. Mr. HARDY says he is not a sanguine man, and certainly he does not present a rosy view of the national future. Imagine what is meant by a disaster out of which we may or may not manage to come creditably. Suppose that we send the semblance of an army to the Continent, and that it is eaten up by the vast forces which may be brought against it. Nowadays disaster is likely to come, if it comes, suddenly and completely, and no recovery will be possible. We have usually been bad beginners, but with time we could bring things round, and unfortunately time will not now be afforded to us. If history does not teach this lesson we read it blindly.

Happily the intelligence of the country is not to be gauged by the speeches of Cabinet Ministers, and probably Mr. HARDY deceived neither himself nor anybody else. It may be true, as he says, that since 1853 the Thames has been fortified in several places, and the means of defending other rivers greatly improved. There is also a much larger quantity of stores, and the artillery is far more powerful than it was twenty years ago. But, on the other hand, the forces that may be arrayed against us have enormously increased within the same period. Mr. HARDY estimates the British fleet, by what arithmetical process we do not know, as equal to an army of 300,000 men. If he means that that fleet could prevent an army of that amount from landing a considerable force upon our shores we differ from him, but any opinion on the point can only be conjectural. It is admitted that, if invasion should occur, we have only 60,000 infantry in first line to meet it, and those who consider this provision satisfactory must be deaf to every argument. Mr. HARDY professes to rely on a saying of a distinguished officer, that he would rather lead young men than old men into action. But no officer has said that he would rather lead boys than men. The officers who met at the United Service Institution regarded the question of recruiting as urgent, and the manning of the army as unsatisfactory. They also thought that in the present position of European affairs we ought not to sit still and do nothing, trusting to the complete development of the brigade depot system in 1879. The persons who expect any satisfactory

result from this system may probably be counted on one hand. Mr. HARDY obviously is not one of them. But he is obliged to maintain official reserve until he has made up his mind what to do, and besides he must be careful not to wound the feelings of Lord CARDWELL. But when a man has to defend an unsatisfactory state of things, it is not surprising that he makes a feeble speech. We are not greatly impressed by the statement that there is a steady increase in the education of the army. That is all very well in quiet times, but just now we should prefer to see such an army as landed in the Crimea. Give us first health, size, and strength, and then add as much education as you please.

THE GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.

A CITY dinner for the most part affords little occasion for remark; and nothing can be more proper than that the LORD MAYOR should extend his hospitality to the neighbouring potentates of the Metropolitan Board of Works. On Saturday last the proposed measure for creating a new London Municipality was naturally discussed, and the opinions of one principal guest possess considerable importance. Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH is not a member of the Cabinet; but as President of the Local Government Board he would scarcely have spoken strongly and definitely on an important matter nearly connected with his own department if he had not been aware of the intentions of the Ministry. His remarks at the Mansion House might furnish Lord ELCHO with a sufficient excuse for declining to occupy the time of the House with Mr. BEAL's crude proposal. The ostensible or Parliamentary promoter of the Bill has repeatedly stated that he had neither hope nor intention of passing any measure in the present year; and that the only object of the introduction of the Bill was to obtain a favourable expression of opinion from the House of Commons, and especially from the Government. He now knows that the PRESIDENT of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD objects, not only to Mr. BEAL's special project, but to any attempt to provide the metropolis with a single Municipal Government. The judgment of the Corporation of London and of the Metropolitan Board of Works had before been publicly announced. It is not known whether any of the projectors of the Municipal Bill were at any time simple enough to imagine that the City would be cajoled into the surrender of its property and of its corporate existence. In the later edition of the Bill the Aldermen are allowed a kind of veto on the practical expropriation of the City revenues; but the ownership of the estates is still to be vested in the new Municipality, although the proceeds are not, without the consent of the Aldermen, to be applied to the benefit of the outlying districts. It is scarcely probable that the most enthusiastic municipal reformer can have relied on the exercise of unprecedented self-denial by the Corporation, but more sanguine expectations may have been formed of the pliability of the Board of Works. It now appears that official persons are as tenacious of power as of corporate property.

Sir JAMES HOGG, in accepting and applauding the declarations of Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH, expressed the opinion of his colleagues and of the majority of their constituents. As he truly said, fundamental changes and the destruction of ancient institutions are for the most part not congenial to the taste or character of Englishmen. It will be well if the Metropolitan Board of Works steadily keeps in view the moderation which its Chairman recommended to the supporters of Mr. BEAL. Since its creation for a special purpose the Board has done much useful work, and it has acquired in reward a large extension of its attributes. As in all similar cases, the appetite for power grows as it is indulged. The Metropolitan Board has on successive occasions sought to acquire by compulsion, and for an inadequate compensation, the property of the Gas and Water Companies of London. The only objection to such a transfer of powers, if it were effected on equitable terms, would be the unwieldy magnitude of the commercial undertaking. The Board of Works must have necessarily entrusted the administration of gas and water to paid officers who could not have discharged their duties more zealously or more efficiently than at present. The project of acquiring a large property for a price below its value was conceived in the same spirit with Mr. BEAL's abortive enterprise. On another

important point Sir JAMES HOGG was justified in exchanging assurances of cordiality with the representatives of the City. The jealousy which prevailed between the two governing bodies when the Board of Works was originally constituted has nearly or entirely worn out with the lapse of time. Sir JAMES HOGG has become a recognized dignitary in the metropolis as the chief of a body which naturally begins to sympathize with established institutions, and with their most ancient and dignified type among municipal Corporations. It is indeed less satisfactory to depend exclusively on taxation than to employ for the public benefit the proceeds of large estates; but the Board of Works may boast of a not inconsiderable funded debt which takes high rank among similar securities. The Thames Embankment and the metropolitan drainage will remain splendid memorials of its effective energy, and there is no reason to suppose that its activity is exhausted.

Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH boldly encountered a widespread prejudice when he asserted that London was already well governed in comparison with other great towns. If he could have been cross-examined on his statement, he would probably have admitted the inconvenience of receiving in the course of the year several separate demands for rates and taxes. Whether the streets would be less frequently taken up under a central administration is a doubtful question; but, on the whole, London, or the better part of the town, is comparatively clean, commodious, and safe. Lord PALMESTON, in his short tenure of the Home Office, suppressed the discharge of factory smoke, which is still affectionately cherished by the elected Corporations of all the Midland and Northern towns. The police, whom Mr. BEAL hoped to place under the control of the multitude which sometimes needs to be kept in order, is perhaps not perfect, but it gives large protection to person and property. There is not the smallest reason to believe that it would be better managed if it were placed under the control of a Committee of a popular Corporation. It is true that the wealthiest and most central portion of London both possesses municipal institutions and sets an example of good government to the whole metropolis; but the Corporation is, more than any similar body, influenced by tradition; it possesses large independent revenues; and its jurisdiction extends only over a limited space. The transfer of its title to a municipality of entirely different character and origin would have been a simple termination of its existence. The City Corporation is within its own territory a highly successful Government, and incidentally it discharges a useful function by the splendour of its pageantry and by its public hospitality. The Lord Mayor is at the same time the most presentable and the most innocuous of dignified functionaries. Conventional rank without substantial power furnishes the best qualification for the discharge of ceremonial duties. It would be impossible as well as injudicious to invent the Corporation for the first time; but the destruction of its property and privileges would involve wanton waste. Of the solid resistance which it can in case of need oppose to external attacks many successive assailants have received abundant proof. One element of the strength of the Corporation is that the community which it governs believes in it, and takes it thoroughly in earnest. Each of the City Companies has a vivid sense of local or special patriotism; and the Lord Mayor, as CICERO said of his country in relation to children, relations, and friends, embraces in himself all the sanctity which is diffused among the various guilds and subordinate bodies. The populace cares more for the Lord Mayor's Show, and for processions of the gorgeous carriages of civic dignitaries, than for many constitutional abstractions. An agitation which is distasteful to the agitating classes is condemned beforehand to failure.

Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH judiciously adopted the two main arguments which prove the inexpediency of the Metropolitan Municipality. London is tolerably well governed already; and it is much too large, and includes too great a variety of interests, to be administered by the nominees of the collective ratepayers. The Vestries are not perfect, but they have the merit of knowing something of their respective districts. If one unwieldy Town Council attempted to discharge their present functions, it would almost necessarily subdivide itself into Committees which would be chosen for their possession of local knowledge. The best result which could happen would be the practical continuance of the present system with the smallest possible interference from the general body; but finance and other important matters would be determined

by the Council itself. A little Parliament representing four millions of constituents would be subject to none of the restraints which secure the regular action of the national Legislature. Its leading members would be comparatively obscure, and it would be neither possible nor desirable to create permanent parties which might keep one another in check. It is fortunately not at present necessary to discuss in detail the numerous objections to Lord ELCHO's Bill and Mr. BEAL's ambitious scheme. The hasty approval with which it was greeted in the autumn has long since subsided; and, with the exception of the promoters, the Bill has scarcely a single supporter.

THE BURIALS BILL.

IT is often difficult to say exactly what is implied in giving a second reading to a Bill in Parliament. There is a sort of traditional understanding that the second reading relates only to the general principle of the measure, and does not commit any one who votes for it to approval of the specific provisions by which the principle is proposed to be carried out. It often happens, however, that the principle and the details are so mixed up together that it is impossible to separate them, and it thus becomes doubtful what is really the principle of the Bill. The Burials Bill which was rejected at this stage on Wednesday by the House of Commons is a case in point. The preamble sets forth that "it is expedient to amend the law of burial in England"; and there was probably not a single member on either side of the House who would not at once have agreed to this proposition had it stood alone. According to the present law, any person, whether Churchman or Dissenter, has, with certain rare exceptions, the right to be buried in the parish churchyard; but at the same time the clergyman is bound to read the burial service of the Church of England over the body. There has for some years been a general agreement that the latter condition should be rescinded; and if this were the whole, as it is the only real, grievance of the Dissenters, they might obtain immediate satisfaction. What, however, was proposed by Mr. MORGAN's Bill was something very different. It was no less than that the churchyards should be indiscriminately opened, not merely for the interment of all persons without distinction, but for the performance of any rites which the friends of the deceased might think proper to observe, without any check or restriction whatever on the character of the ceremony. The majority who voted against the second reading held that it would be dangerous to affirm without qualification a principle which was capable of this interpretation, and that some security ought to be taken for the preservation of public order and decency under circumstances where any breach of these necessary conditions would be extremely painful and offensive. An important section of the minority, including Mr. GLADSTONE, shared the opinion that some guarantee of this kind ought to be provided, but thought that the omission might be supplied in Committee. They therefore voted in favour of the Bill, but only to the extent that some amendment, but not the particular amendment proposed by Mr. MORGAN, should be made in the law. It is important that this distinction should be observed, because the meaning of Wednesday's vote would otherwise be altogether misunderstood. There is no reason to suppose that more than a very small and comparatively insignificant section of the House were really prepared to abolish at a stroke all jurisdiction over the proceedings which may take place in parish churchyards; but there was a difference of opinion as to whether the second reading might not be safely agreed to without reference to details.

It is perhaps unnecessary to discuss how far, since the abolition of Church-rates, the churchyards are the property of the parishes. There can be no question that they are at least public property, and that it is the interest of all classes that they should be managed in such a way as not to wound the solemn and tender feelings which are naturally associated with such places. It is obvious that a question of this kind ought to be treated not from a party point of view, but in the largest spirit of tolerance and Christian charity; and it cannot be doubted that there is a general agreement in this sense. There is no desire on the part of the Church of England to thrust its services on any persons who do not relish them; but, on the other hand, the members of that

Church, like the members of other communions, are at least entitled to be protected against wanton and unnecessary interference with customs which they hold in especial respect. It is necessary to remember that the right to tolerance and consideration is not all on one side. The point to be determined is, therefore, how far there is any substantial grievance on the part of Dissenters which requires that the settled habits and traditions of other people should be disagreeably disturbed on their account. There is, as we have said, no dispute whatever as to the propriety of dispensing with the burial service where it is objected to. People can be married without calling in the parson; and there is no reason why people should not be permitted to get themselves buried, if they please, without similar intervention. It is significant, however, that although, as Mr. BRIGHT said, it is quite open to anybody to dissent, and although a large proportion of the people of this country call themselves Dissenters, yet, as a matter of fact, a great many of them are still deeply attached to the Church forms of marriage and burial. Dissenters can be married either in one of their own chapels or at a registrar's; but they frequently prefer, as a matter of free choice, to be married in church, and some of them indeed would hardly be satisfied that they were really married at all unless they enjoyed this privilege. Precisely the same thing has been observed in regard to burials. It is well known that even where there are cemeteries in which Dissenters can have any service they like, they are passed by for the churchyard and the Church service; and not only so, but there are also cases where, when, on account of the churchyard being full, the parish has provided a double cemetery, one part being consecrated and the other not, the unconsecrated ground is shunned by the very people who are supposed to be so cruelly aggrieved by the reading of the burial service. Thus we find that a considerable number of Dissenters voluntarily prefer the rites of the Church, and those who dislike them have, as a rule, abundant opportunities of indulging their peculiar tastes elsewhere. It is only in very small, out-of-the-way places that there is no alternative but to bury in the churchyard, and the number of such places is, in the natural course of things, continually diminishing. As population increases, public spirit provides a piece of common ground, or a neighbouring proprietor solves the difficulty by a gift.

As we pursue our inquiries, however, into the alleged grievances of the Dissenters, we find that the chief bodies concerned in this agitation have hitherto always ridiculed and denounced as superstitious the respect paid to ground which has been "What do you call it? consecrated"—as Mr. BRIGHT said with a needless sneer, which contrasted unpleasantly with the general gravity and moderation of his speech; and it may therefore be suspected that the violent desire which has now seized them to be buried in consecrated ground, and to have a service there, has its source in an aggressive rather than a merely defensive spirit. Mr. BRIGHT mentioned, as an example of charitable tolerance, that in Scotland lately he found a Disruption minister and his successor buried side by side in the parish churchyard; but it may be remarked that, though these ministers belonged to different churches, their religious creed was identical, and also that, according to the invariable Presbyterian practice, no service would be read over either of them in the churchyard. The Scotch custom is to have the service in the house of the deceased; the mourners then follow the body to the churchyard or cemetery, but not a word is spoken there. It has also been the practice of some, at least, of the English Dissenting bodies to have the prayers either in a house or a chapel, and to dispense with any further utterance at the grave. Mr. BRIGHT justly rebuked the use of the phrase "buried like a dog" as applied to a silent interment, and gave a touching description of a Quaker funeral, at which silence is practically the rule, though the inspiration of the moment entitles any one to hold forth. At the same time, he denounced as "monstrous and "intolerable" any restriction on freedom of speech on such an occasion, without apparently seeing the inconsistency of people who despise consecrated ground declaring that life is not worth having because they are not allowed to have a service on ground of just that very kind. Mr. BRIGHT's argument would be unanswerable if mourners were everywhere forbidden to express their feelings except in accordance with the Church service; but when the complaint is analysed, it is found to be merely that, for the sake

of public peace and decency, some restriction is to be applied to utterances in a public place which for most people is sanctified by religious associations.

The more this question is examined the more apparent does it become that the grievance of the Dissenters is of the most attenuated character, and that, in the ordinary course of events, the number of persons who can be supposed to suffer from it is continually growing smaller. All reasonable people are agreed that as much freedom should be allowed as is consistent with the maintenance of good order and decorum; but when Mr. BRIGHT pleads for absolute liberty for "the extempore utterances of the heart," he forgets that there are other persons than Quakers in the world, who cannot be so readily trusted to control their passions and to respect the solemnity of the occasion. A disgraceful incident which has lately occurred at Dublin shows the necessity for some kind of supervision over what goes on in the churchyards. At present the service is in a prescribed form in which only bigots of the most narrow type can discover offence; and the clergyman is also invested with authority for the maintenance of order. Under Mr. MORGAN's Bill any rabble which chose to get up a funeral would be at liberty, without any sort of restriction or control, to go through any ceremony to which it might choose, perhaps in mockery, to give the name of a religious rite. Several questions are thus raised which, as Mr. GLADSTONE said, require very careful consideration; and there can be no doubt that the majority on Wednesday were right in thinking that some security ought to be given that this consideration will not be wanting before a Bill of this kind is read a second time.

SANITARY LEGISLATION.

THE Government has taken, on the whole, a reasonable and practical line about sanitary legislation. Mr. CROSS and Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH alike disclaim any desire to be invested with power to make anybody do anything. Except upon one point, they are in the right. As has been said over and over again, the number of sanitary authorities is so great, and their obstructive powers are so undefined, that any considerable section of them might easily defy the Local Government Board. As the law stands, the better disposed among them are not inclined to do this. They really wish to discharge the duties imposed on them, and nothing but judicious management is needed to set and keep them at work. The creation of a powerful apparatus for making them work, whether they liked it or not, might turn this admirable frame of mind into something much less easy to deal with; and the gain of additional power to coerce a defaulting authority would be dearly bought at the cost of a large increase in the number of defaulters. The policy of the late Government has been adopted without alteration by their successors, and it is not wonderful that some energetic sanitary reformers should think the resemblance a great deal too close. They listened too readily to Conservative assurances that when revolutionary legislation was got rid of Parliament would give all its time and strength to grappling with social wants. Now that the change has come it turns out that only the negative side of the promise has been made good. The legislation of 1875 is certainly not revolutionary, but then it is not particularly sanitary either. The gigantic Public Health Bill has very little that is new in it. The doctors find that there is no intention of erecting them into a Committee of Public Safety. They are still regarded as experts called in from time to time to advise the community, not as officers charged with its continual government. The millennium in which the succession of the Conservative party to power was to land them seems as far off as ever.

The single exception to the praise which the sanitary legislation of the present Government merits is the purely permissive character of the Artisans and Labourers' Dwellings Bill. Mr. CROSS's answer to criticism is in substance this:—The great towns are genuinely anxious to get rid of rookeries, but they lack the power to carry out their wishes. If Parliament gives them this power, and trusts to them to use it, all will go well. If Parliament gives them this power, but accompanies the gift with provisions implying uncertainty whether they will use it or not, they will resent the want of confidence and do nothing. Both these views seem to involve an exaggeration.

If the great towns are as anxious as Mr. CROSS imagines to get their poor better housed, it is highly unlikely that they would be so bitterly offended by a provision only designed for those supine or wrong-headed corporations which may refuse to undertake improvements after Parliament has empowered them to do so. We cannot believe that London or Liverpool, being at present, on Mr. CROSS's showing, eager to enter upon large schemes of house reform, would take umbrage at other towns being compelled to follow their good example. Except, moreover, the case of a few of the principal towns, it is hard to feel as confident as Mr. CROSS that no need for the exercise of compulsion on the part of the central Government will ever arise. There must be an almost sacramental virtue about the number 25,000 if the possession of that amount of population marks the dividing line between local enlightenment and local obstructiveness. It is open of course to Mr. CROSS to say that the Government does not mean to provide the poor with better houses; it only intends to remove the obstacles which at present stand in the way of those who would take the work in hand if they were allowed. But a law which merely unties the hands of certain municipal corporations hardly bears out the HOME SECRETARY's glowing picture of his own determination to sweep away rookeries. He is not prepared, it seems, to sweep away rookeries; he is only prepared to leave other people free to sweep them away if they are so minded, and equally free to leave them standing, if that alternative pleases them better. A Bill framed with the latter object may be a very useful measure, but it is a mistake to describe it in terms which would only apply to a much larger measure.

It is too much the custom to assume that the Local Government Board has only two functions—one that of interfering to make the local sanitary authorities do their duty, the other that of sitting still while they neglect it. There is a third part which the central authority might sometimes play with advantage, and that is the part of adviser on a large scale. Probably many local bodies are sincerely anxious to improve the health of their districts, and are only prevented by the impossibility of doing so except in co-operation with the authorities of other districts. A letter which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Monday gives a melancholy picture of the sanitary confusion which reigns in the valley of the Thames. Eight years ago the towns situated in this valley were forbidden to pollute the river with their sewage. But Parliament too hastily concluded that when this prohibition took effect some other mode of drainage would at once be discovered. Instead of this, the towns in question are simply at their wits' end what to do. At Hampton and Brentford the sewage has been cut off from the Thames, and is now allowed to soak into the soil. Kingston and Mortlake have spent large sums in inquiring how to dispose of it, and as one scheme after another has been objected to, they are still where they were in 1867. Richmond has been advised to spend 50,000*l.* in taking its sewage into Ham fields, but is told at the same time that this is only a temporary expedient, inasmuch as a comprehensive scheme must one day be adopted for the whole Thames valley. The writer of this letter asks why Parliament has not taken the matter in hand; but the obvious answer is that, if Parliament is to determine what half a dozen country towns are to do with their sewage, all notion of local government must be abandoned and the sanitary administration of the country may at once be made over to a Central Board. It is probable that Hampton and Kingston and Richmond would all have been glad to receive counsel how they could best act in concert, and might even have accepted the arbitration of the Local Government Board as to the proportion of the aggregate outlay to be borne by each town. It ought to be in the power of the Local Government Board to give them the best attainable advice on the subject. A Government department can command the highest engineering faculty, and its opinion would or might embody the best conclusions of the best experts. Information of this order is rarely within the reach of small corporations. A great town indeed may go to the expense of calling in an eminent sanitary engineer, because his opinion, when obtained, will at least cover the whole question. But where many small towns are concerned, no one of them cares to pay for getting an opinion by which its neighbours may benefit, and there is seldom sufficient co-operation among them to allow of the cost being distributed over the whole number. It would be a gain if a department of advice and

investigation were created within the Local Government Board on which should devolve the duty of preparing sanitary schemes in cases where such schemes, in order to be successful, must be adopted by several local authorities in common. The particular difficulty which weighs so heavily upon the towns in the Thames valley is likely, it may be hoped, to be felt more and more widely. The practice of mixing sewage and drinking water can never be esteemed a nice one; and though it would be premature to look forward to any very speedy abandonment of it, there is reason to think that it is by degrees falling into discredit. Wherever the population is at all dense, the disposal of sewage is a matter which cannot be arranged satisfactorily by any single town, and the natural appeal is to a central department possessing the knowledge which is required to enable all the authorities concerned to come to a common understanding.

LIFE AT HIGH PRESSURE.

A VERY sad case of suicide has recently happened at Cambridge. One of the most brilliant scholars amongst the University residents, whose social qualities had won for him an unusually large measure of esteem in the academical community, has died by his own hand. Such an event had in it something startling at first sight, though the explanation is unfortunately clear enough. Mr. Holmes held a post for which he was admirably fitted; he had few of those anxieties which make a rack of "this tough world," and his duties were certainly not intrinsically painful. It was proved, however, beyond all doubt, that over-excitement had upset the balance of his mind, and that for some months past the wear and tear of his duties had been too much. The cause of his death was as plain as if he had had a bullet fired through his brains in a battle. There is always a temptation to make rather too much of such cases, and to found general conclusions upon particular instances. There may have been some special idiosyncrasy which made Mr. Holmes unusually susceptible to the influences of a mode of life not necessarily injurious to a man of average strength. We are certainly inclined to think that the tendency is rather to exaggerate the amount of evil generally done by excessive intellectual labour. And yet it is plain that the case illustrates a danger which really exists, and which there would unfortunately be no difficulty in illustrating from many other instances. There are few men indeed who cannot reckon amongst their acquaintances some who have broken down under the strain of over-excitement, and very often under the pressure of work which might have been harmless if more judiciously distributed. The evil exists at the Universities as elsewhere, and the best mode of reducing it to a minimum deserves to be considered by persons in authority.

The good old notion of a University life is indeed rapidly ceasing to have whatever plausibility it may once have possessed. The Universities were once considered to be delightful havens of refuge from the toils and troubles of ordinary life, quiet little backwaters carefully protected against the storms which raged elsewhere. A Fellow of a college was thought to be a man who had found out a quiet hermitage, a comfortable nook in a delicious Castle of Indolence, where the only danger was the danger of a surfeit of repose. Oxford and Cambridge residents were not like the German professors, by whom incessant intellectual labour was assumed to be the natural lot of man. They were the elegant sybarites of learning, men who might occasionally pass their lives in playing with a proposed edition of some classical author, but who never seriously contemplated the rash act of publication. Their task merely amounted to keeping a decorous hobby as a specious pretext for doing nothing. Their lives were passed in an indolence just flavoured by a faint suspicion of literary employment. They or some of them had, it is true, to give lectures to industrious youth, or to administer solemn admonitions to those less industrious lads who failed to appreciate the advantages of daily attendance upon chapel, or pushed conviviality to obtrusive noisiness. But the task was light and easy; for, in the first place, the hard work was left to be done by private tutors, and, in the next place, there were seven months of holidays in the year. The college Fellow could ripen quietly in his place, like the "full-juiced apple" in Mr. Tennyson's *Lotos-Eaters*, until the incumbent who had persisted in living beyond all reason came to a sense of his duty, and made the long-expected vacancy. Till that period the dean or tutor might lead an existence of singular calm and dignity, varied by long excursions to the Continent or rounds of visits to his friends, and have no single cause for complaint, except the enforced abstinence from matrimony. And even that restriction had its bright side; for it made it pretty certain that his wants as a bachelor would never exceed his income; and that he would therefore be able to save a little money against the day of departure, or, if his tastes led him in that direction, to lay in a comfortable cellar of sound port wine.

Such was the popular ideal of the life of the Fellow of a preceding generation, though we need not inquire how frequently it was realized in practice. When reformers began to agitate, and Commissioners to threaten the delicious peace of the old system, a case might certainly be made out for insisting upon greater industry. The

reformers of recent times did not, however, very clearly distinguish what particular kind of activity was to be promoted. They proposed in various ways to stimulate the sleeping energy of the old institutions, but they did not determine the channels through which the newly-roused forces were to discharge themselves. If the indolence supposed to be the prevailing vice of members of the old corporations had been exchanged for a keen interest in literary and scientific pursuits, the change would have been so far of unmixed benefit. It would probably have been a blessing to the persons stimulated as much as to the outside world. The student's life has its own grievances, but it is certainly one of the happiest lives which can be enjoyed by a human being. Poor Casaubon, as we have just been reminded by his latest biographer, died at a comparatively early age, and partly from the diseases brought on by a sedentary mode of life. On the other hand, it seems to be doubtful, as Mr. Pattison remarks, whether the energy of his brain did not more or less keep the rest of the machinery going. But a poor scholar, who has eighteen children dependent upon him, and is further involved in a desperate theological warfare, can scarcely be considered as a fair specimen of the normal variety. A man who can devote himself to the extension of knowledge without some pressing external necessity has immunities and privileges shared by no one else. He is tempted, it may be, to work too continuously; but the work is in itself rather sedative than exciting. The discovery of some new formula, the addition of some significant fact to existing stores of knowledge, the improved arrangement of some chaotic corner of unorganized inquiry, may give a pleasant glow of satisfaction, but can seldom cause any paroxysm of excitement. It is of the very essence of his life to be calm and impartial. He has no noisy audiences to pacify, no personal struggles to decide by force of will and passion, no decisions of vital importance to the life and happiness of thousands to be made on the spur of the moment, and no sense of those heavy pecuniary responsibilities which seem to try most men more than any other variety of anxiety. His audience is fit and few; and he can feel that he is best employed when, like the coral insect, he is contributing in the calm and the twilight to build up imperceptibly the vast structure of science. It is true that some detestable rival will occasionally make his discoveries just before he has made them himself, or will go so far as to deny the accuracy of some of his reasoning, or even the felicity of his conjectures. Such trials are certainly hard to bear; but they can hardly be considered as beyond human strength, and they are not of the kind which causes sleepless nights and feverish days. The serious student feels that he is master of his own fortune; his success depends upon his own powers of mind and continuity of labour, and has comparatively little to do with the fortuitous elements of co-operation of more or less faithful allies. In the calm world of speculation he should feel himself happily removed from the jars and catastrophes incident to the careers of active life.

If the residents at the Universities had been converted from a body of easy-going gentlemen, so far as that was ever a fair description of them, with no particular employment, into a body of calm investigators, the change would probably have been good for the average physical constitution. The change, however, which has actually occurred has been of a different kind. The additional labour thrown upon the residents has been considerable, and has been undertaken with laudable energy and devotion; but it has taken the form for the most part of a great increase in the number of lectures, examinations, and administrative work. The work has of course been unequally distributed. There are certain posts of dignity and emolument in the University where it is still possible for a man to lead a calm and contemplative life. The head of a house is not generally plunged in a round of duties too exciting and absorbing for the strength of the average constitution. And perhaps it is as well that some such attractive bits of patronage should remain in reserve. For the increase of work is certainly a serious matter with some classes of officials. The number of examinations has increased with the immense increase of competition generally; and, besides examining their own members, the Universities now examine thousands of lads throughout the country. A good deal of pity is sometimes bestowed upon the unfortunate examinees; and certainly in these days a lad of any promise is always in a state of whipping up all his little store of knowledge for immediate presentation. But examiners deserve more pity than they get for a painful drudgery which is for the most part very inadequately paid. There are few more depressing employments than that of reading over a thousand variations upon the answers to a dozen elementary questions. The candidate is more or less supported for the time by the excitement of anticipated success; the wretched examiner has only a painful sense of responsibility, and the sense that he will be guilty of a gross dereliction of duty if he is careless enough to give a lad ninety-nine marks when he ought to have bestowed one hundred and one. The reviewer of a stupid book is content without deciding accurately whether he shall put it down as dull, dullest, or dullest. The examiner has to read a book of perhaps some thousand pages, in which each page repeats what is said in a thousand others, and where he is bound to express the precise value to be put upon every paragraph by a precise numerical estimate. He is forced to do the work within a certain, generally a very short, time; and his greatest praise will be that he has not made any gross blunders. All human employments become tolerable by practice, but certainly incessant examining is one of the most thankless and wearisome of

tasks. The life of a tutor has many recommendations upon which we need not dwell, for they are tolerably obvious; but the pleasure of original investigation can rarely be amongst them. It is becoming more and more the case that the don—a name which used to be synonymous with luxurious leisure—has to pass his time in incessant lecturing, examining, and arranging over and over again all the details of the various systems of examination and lecturing. Instead of encouraging research, the general tendency of reforms has been rather to convert the teaching body at the University into a set of over-worked or under-paid schoolmasters, examining and lecturing, and then lecturing and examining, in a ceaseless round of exhausting duty.

That more work of this kind should have to be done is but the natural result of the increased activity of the Universities, and certainly is not a matter for regret. But such cases as that which has suggested these remarks point to an evil which is likely to increase along with the general improvement in energy. The moral would appear to be that it is a matter of real importance to improve the organization of the teaching staff, and to restrain within reasonable limits the tendency to multiply the mere drudgery of examining. That tutors and lecturers should do more than they once used to do is reasonable enough, but a judicious distribution might probably secure the desirable consummation that, whilst more should be done, there should be less frittering away of the best intellects upon harassing details.

THE LATE ECLIPSE.

IT has been well said that when, in the distant future, the scientific history of the present century comes to be written, the wonderful advances in our knowledge of the constitution of the sun, and therefore in our knowledge of star-structure generally, will occupy a large, if not the foremost, place. We believe this opinion to be correct, because, although to many persons the generalizations of Darwin or Thomson, and such practical successes as the electric telegraph, seem to dwarf the revelations of the spectroscope; in the case of the latter instrument the ground is only just broken, and many of the results already acquired, marvellous as they are, are as yet but imperfectly understood; while physicists and chemists have not yet realized, as they must shortly do, that in the various stellar bodies which give us light, not only is matter to be studied under conditions impossible of realization upon the surface of this planet, but its laws can be investigated under the most simple conditions in celestial laboratory experiments upon the most stupendous scale. Be this, however, as it may, it is satisfactory to remember that, when the history of scientific progress in our time comes to be written, the efforts of the English Government and of English Scientific Societies will have to be recorded. The Government, however niggardly it may have been with regard to other scientific questions, has never refused aid to observe total eclipses of the sun. Since the importance of the use of the spectroscope in such observations was demonstrated by the discoveries made during the eclipse of 1868 we have had three such expeditions aided by Government. In 1870, 1871, and in the present year, observers have gone from England, armed with all the appliances of modern science, to meet at their stations friendly rivals from other civilized countries. Both in 1870 and 1871 great advances were made, necessitating more or less complete changes in the method of attack to be adopted when a subsequent occasion presented itself, until, in the observations made on the eclipse which was visible in the Islands in the Bay of Bengal, in Burmah, and in Siam on the 6th of the present month, eye observations have been abolished altogether. The telegrams which have arrived during the present week from the observing parties in the Nicobars and in Siam tell us that, although the weather proved treacherous—the eclipse itself generating a cloud over the stations at Camorta in the Nicobars which prevented all observations during totality, and the sky being hazy in Siam—valuable results have been obtained, and in one of the telegrams sufficient details are entered into to enable us to form an idea of the kind of new knowledge which has been obtained.

To show in what this consists a few preliminary remarks will be necessary. The first application of the spectroscope to the sun by Stokes, Kirchhoff, and Angström showed, as might have been anticipated, that the materials of that luminary and of our own planet are similar, the main difference between the two bodies being one of temperature. Our earth, which must once have shone out as the sun itself, though of smaller mass, has cooled down so completely that, with the exception of the gases, oxygen and nitrogen, of which the atmosphere is at the present epoch chiefly composed, all the other chemical elements as a rule have combined to form the solid crust of the earth and the various organisms which occupy its surface, such combinations having been rendered possible by the cooling. In the sun we find a very different state of things. In consequence of its tremendous temperature, its atmosphere is mainly composed, not of cool metalloids as ours is, but of incandescent metals, such as iron, magnesium, and the like. The detection of this atmosphere was one of the first triumphs of the spectroscope. In the last century the sun as it is familiar to us was supposed to be all the sun. It was thought that the bright surface was due to a stratum of clouds at the extreme upper limit of the atmosphere of a cooled globe like our own; we now know that it lies at the base of an incandescent atmosphere at least half a million of miles high, and surrounds a nucleus which must be hotter than itself.

But we know very much more than this; we know the chemical constituents of the lower part of that atmosphere, and in this study we have come across the very remarkable fact that the various chemical constituents are not equally mixed up, but that they thin out, so to speak, in such a manner that although all are present at the surface of the bright layer, or photosphere—that is, at the boundary of the sun as ordinarily visible to us—the atmosphere becomes less and less rich as we ascend, so that at length we reach a region where only one chemical element—namely, hydrogen—is present among all the known substances with which we started at the bottom.

The constituents of the sun's atmosphere, taken as a whole, have recently been thus classified by Professor Prestwich:—

1 Permanent Gas	Hydrogen.
2 Metals of the Alkalies	Sodium. Potassium.
All the Metals of the Alkaline Earths	Calcium. Strontium. Barium.
3 Metals of the Zinc class	Magnesium. Zinc. Cadmium.
All the Metals of the Iron class	Manganese. Cobalt. Chromium.
2 Metals of the Tin class	Iron. Nickel. Uranium.
1 Metal of the Lead class (probably)	Titanium. Lead.

To the metals of the alkalies in this list may now be added Lithium, which Mr. Lockyer has recently detected.

It will be seen that the metals of the tungsten, antimony, silver, and gold classes are entirely unrepresented, while, if we accept the metallic nature of hydrogen, there is not a single metalloid on the list, although they have been diligently searched for. But even this is not all. It has been remarked that the order in which these metallic vapours thin out, in the manner we have before referred to, is that of the old atomic or combining weights, and not that of the modern atomic weights; this is indicated in the following statement:—

	Old Atomic Weights.	New Atomic Weights.
Hydrogen	I	I
Magnesium	12	24
Calcium	20	40
Sodium	23	23
Chromium	26	52·5
Manganese	27	55
Iron	28	56
Nickel	29	58

Aluminium is not included in the list, because its order in the layers has not yet been determined by observation, but the principle referred to would place it between magnesium and calcium.

So much then for the chemical constitution of the lower regions of the solar atmosphere. It was found during the eclipse of 1871, observed in India, that while the spectroscope and photography quite agreed in their records of this part of the atmosphere, they parted company, so to speak, when the higher reaches of the atmosphere, called by Janssen the "coronal atmosphere," were in question. Photography gave us great extension, exquisite details, and a rugged boundary. Spectroscopy gave us small extension, no details, and a perfectly circular outline. Hence the terms "photographic corona" and "spectroscopic corona," then introduced to represent the idea that, while the light from some of the materials was more competent to impress itself upon the photographic plate, that from the hydrogen chiefly came to the eye in the instrumental arrangement employed. This important conclusion gave a new incentive not only to eclipse observations and laboratory researches, but also to an examination of the solar spectrum from a new point of view. Since 1871 some evidence has been communicated to the Royal Society in support of the suggestion that the metalloids or non-metallic elements as a group lie outside the metallic atmosphere. This, if it were established, would at once explain the difference between the photographic and spectroscopic corona; while, fortunately, later researches have shown that, if the metalloids did exist there, the spectrum they would give would probably have considerable photographic action, which would be denied to them lower down, because, as they descended, by the breaking up of their particles, their light, instead of being confined to the blue end of the spectrum, would be distributed over the whole of it, while in addition it would be enfeebled, owing to mixture with the other gases and vapours in the lower regions.

We believe we shall not be far wrong in ascribing the anxiety of the Royal Society to secure observations of the recent total eclipse, and their appeal to the Government for aid, to the great interest which attaches to the question to which we have referred not only from an astronomical, but from a physical, a chemical, and a geological point of view. Of course there were other questions which would be settled by the way, but the paramount ones were—(1) Is a cooling star surrounded by strata, so to call them, in which the complexity of molecular structure, whether due to compounds of the same or of different elements, increases as the distance from the greater heat at the centre increases? and (2), Near the centre where the molecular structure of the so-called elements which can withstand the dissociating force of that most highly heated region is necessarily of the simplest, what is the exact order in which these molecules of strictly comparable physical constitution sort themselves out by the action of gravity? Could a definite answer be given to the first question, speculations as to the origin of the crust of our earth would be enormous.

mously simplified and kept within certain fixed boundary, while it is clear that the second question has to do with both physics and chemistry; for in the lower region of the sun's atmosphere we are in presence of a continuous experiment on a gigantic scale on the relative vapour densities of at least twenty metals—an experiment, as it is remarked, in which the temperature affords us a guarantee, and the spectroscope a proof, that the vapours are all in similar molecular conditions. To answer these questions the Royal Society looked to photographs of the spectra of both the upper and lower parts of the solar atmosphere, especially in the ultra-violet region, such that the difference between the photographic and spectroscopic corona observed in 1871 might be explained, and the various heights to which the vapours in the lower atmosphere extend could be demonstrated.

Now Dr. Schuster, the chief of the Eclipse party in Siam, has apparently succeeded in photographing the spectra both of the upper and lower parts of the sun's atmosphere. To explain his telegram, we may state that the arrangements adopted by the Royal Society with infinite skill and care were such that each particular kind of vapour in the sun's atmosphere would register itself on a photographic plate; so that, if it extended all round the sun, as in point of fact we know they all do, we should get a ring—a thin one if the vapour extended only a short way above the photosphere, one of considerable breadth if the vapour extended from the photosphere high up into the atmosphere. Further, while in the case of those vapours which we know to rest on the photosphere, the interior diameters of all the rings would be the same, however great the breadth of the rings might be, if there were any vapours which existed at a higher level but did not extend down to the photosphere, and which therefore form no part of the lower atmosphere or enter into the composition of the prominences, these rings would have a greater interior diameter, and in this way clearly indicate the different position in the atmosphere of the vapours which gave rise to them. Dr. Schuster tells us that "the prismatic camera shows the rings with protuberances at the edge of the sun, and at least one more ring towards the ultra-violet without prominences." It is not too soon therefore to state that one of the fundamental questions put to the eclipsed sun has been answered, and although we may regret that either some unexplained delay, or a haze, or both, prevented some of the more delicate work being done, enough has been secured amply to repay those on whom the labour of love has fallen of planning the various expeditions.

The photographs, the fruit of so much labour, will soon be in this country, and if the careful examination of them justifies the hopes raised by the telegrams, the results obtained during the present eclipse will not soon be forgotten, while the methods employed will doubtless supersede all former ones until new successes have been achieved and the various problems have been pushed still further towards solution.

BRISTOL AND THE WELSH BORDER.

MR. KERSLAKE of Bristol is well known in the West of England in the two characters of bookseller and antiquary; and those who are used to his catalogues know that he can say a good thing in the one character as well as in the other. At the Exeter meeting of the Archaeological Institute Mr. Kerslake drew great attention by an important paper in which he threw much light on the relations between the English and British inhabitants of Exeter, and, by implication, of Devonshire generally. The special line which he took was founded on the dedications of the churches, by the help of which he was able to make out, with every likelihood of truth, the position and extent of the Welshry in Exeter up to the time of Æthelstan. This was a line of argument which, as far as we know, had not been used before, and in this particular case it led to great results. But it is an argument which may easily be pressed too far. When a city is known to have been inhabited by two distinct races, and when in one part of that city we find dedications belonging to one of those races only, the inference is obvious that that is the part of the city which that race occupied. The conclusion here can hardly be mistaken; but the whole force of the argument lies in there being several such dedications close together. An isolated dedication to a local saint in some district away from that in which he was specially honoured does not of itself prove settlement, conquest, or any form of presence, on the part of his usual votaries. St. Cuthbert has made his way from Lindisfarne to Wells, and St. Edith has made her way from Wilton to Tamworth; but this does not imply a Northumbrian settlement in Somerset or a West-Saxon settlement in Staffordshire. In these particular cases, and in many other such cases, we can conceive reasons of quite another kind for a founder in one district dedicating his church to a saint at the other end of England. Mr. Kerslake has since been carrying on the same line of argument in a paper read before the British Archaeological Association at their Bristol meeting last year, which he has put forth as a separate pamphlet, headed *St. Ewen, Bristol, and the Welsh Border*. On one part of Mr. Kerslake's argument there is no reason to tarry very long. He is zealous for the antiquity of Bristol, but he fights for it against purely imaginary adversaries. He is displeased with the fact that Bristol is not mentioned in written records before 1051. But he seems rather oddly to fancy that those who have brought that fact into notice believe that Bristol had no being before 1051. He

says very truly that the preservation of documents, and the mention of names in documents, is very much a matter of chance. "If Bristol," he adds with great force, "instead of an independent secular commercial port, had been an appendage to an Anglo-Saxon monastery, its name might have come down to us in some cartulary." But then no one ever thought that Bristol was "a sudden growth" of the year 1051. The fact that it is familiarly mentioned then as an important haven is of itself proof that its beginnings must have been much earlier. Its purely English name shows that it is an English foundation, and not, like its neighbour Bath—*Bathanceaster*—the representative of a Roman city; but there is the whole time from Ceawlin to Edward the Confessor to choose from for its beginning. Mr. Kerslake argues that the fact of Bristol having a church dedicated to the Mercian saint Werburgh proves "that the town must have already existed while Mercia was an independent kingdom bounded on the south by our river Avon." Very possibly it did; but we cannot see how this argument proves it. And we are more amazed when Mr. Kerslake tries to prove the antiquity of Bristol from the neighbouring name of Brislington, while he seems to think it a patronymic of *Bristol*. Was a patronymic ever formed from a town? And has Mr. Kerslake forgotten how very modern and how very meaningless is the *l* at the end of the name of the city? "Bryegstow," "Bristow," something which brings out the *bridge* and the *stow*, are forms which last down to the sixteenth century.

What Mr. Kerslake has to say about the dedications to St. Owen or Ewen is much more to the purpose, and is well worth examining. His first question is whether the Owen meant is a Welsh Owen or St. Ouen of Rouen, so famous in his own city. When we find the dedication at Bristol, Gloucester, Hereford, Chepstow, and find only two alleged cases, and of these only one certain case, in all England besides, the balance of probability is altogether in favour of the British claimant. The occurrence of the name, as well as that of St. Werburgh, in Dublin is of course accounted for, as Mr. Kerslake suggests, by the fact that English Dublin was really a colony of Bristol. And Mr. Kerslake's inference that these dedications point to a tolerated Welshry in each of the border towns, answering to the undoubted Welshry at Exeter, is at least ingenious. It is at least as likely that, when national hatred had a little cooled down, the Mercian princes should allow a British settlement in these towns as that they should be seized with a fit of reverence for a British saint. But the circumstances could not have been exactly the same as those of the Welshry at Exeter. We cannot fancy that a British settlement at Gloucester was allowed by Ceawlin in the days of the first conquest. But this seems to be what Mr. Kerslake is trying to make out. He argues that the existence of a Welshry is a sign of early foundation; there is no sign of a Welshry in the foundations of *Æthelfleld*. Connected with this last point are some doubtful speculations as to the history of Shrewsbury and Hereford. Mr. Kerslake holds that "Seergeat," in the Annals of *Æthelfleld*, is the site of Shrewsbury, where the Lady first built a "burh." This is possible, and the "gate," as Mr. Kerslake says, aptly describes the isthmus of the peninsula of Shrewsbury. But the words "Seergeat" and "Shrewsbury" cannot have anything to do with one another. Mr. Kerslake, who shows great acuteness on several points, is not lucky in etymology. "Scrobbesbyrig" cannot be anything but "Scrobbesbyrig"; no process can get the first half of the word out of "Seer," and "Shrewsbury" is a mere softening of the name, which, as applied to the shire, is hardly changed in the modern form.

Hereford, according to the writer known as Brompton, was once called *Fernlega*. Here Mr. Kerslake would place the *Fethanleah* of the *Chronicles*, which nobody now can believe to be *Fretherne* in Gloucestershire, but at which we are a little startled when Dr. Guest carries it up to Faddiley in Cheshire. Yet Faddiley is a right modern form of *Fethanlech*, which, unless "*Fernlega*" be a corruption of something quite different, it cannot be got out of "*Fethanleah*." "The Faddiley expedition," Mr. Kerslake says, "does not pretend to account for the devastation of Chester." Certainly not; that was the work of *Æthelfrith*. Whatever Ceawlin aimed at in the expedition to *Fethanleah*, the expedition was in some measure a failure; he did not do all that he meant to do. His object doubtless was to carry the West-Saxon army to the Irish Sea, as he had done to the Bristol Channel. He would thus have cut off the Britons of Wales from the Britons of Strathclyde, as he had already cut them off from the Britons of Cornwall. In this he failed; as far as the general interests of the English advance were concerned, the work was presently done by *Æthelfrith*; but the advance of Wessex to the North was checked.

Mr. Kerslake goes on to find St. Werburgh in two places in the extreme West—Wembury in Devon, and Warbstow in Cornwall—which he takes to be signs of the great West-Saxon expedition of *Æthelred* in 733. This is rather slight foundation for so startling a theory, the more so as it can hardly be doubted that that expedition has been greatly exaggerated, through a very natural confusion between the two Somertons. *Æthelred* took Somerton, and it has often been taken for granted that this means Somerton in Somerset. It is far more likely that it means Somerton in Oxfordshire, and that *Æthelred*'s conquests from Wessex were all on that border, where fighting never stopped. A Somerton fight takes its place naturally along with fights at Burford and Bensington.

All local inquiries carried on in a rational spirit, and under the guidance of the genuine authorities, are to be encouraged. So we are glad to see Mr. Kerslake, who made so happy a hit at Exeter, carry on his researches further. The grouping of the Owen dedications seems to us to be quite to the point. It is in etymology

that Mr. Kerslake wholly fails. To connect Brislington with Brigstow will never do; and it is a strange hint that the name "West Chester," so often used to mark the city which we call specially Chester, has anything to do with its lying *waste* from Aethelfrith to Aethelflæd. It appears as "a waste chester" in the *Chronicles*, but that was before the "waste chester" ceased to be "waste," and became distinctly "Chester." West Chester is surely opposed to Leicester, the other "Civitas Legionum," the other "Legreceaester." From not noting that the Legreceaester of the *Chronicles* is much oftener Chester than Leicester, modern writers have been led into many confusions.

A FOOL'S PARADISE.

IT is evident that the Crystal Palace has met with a formidable rival, at least in the use of magnificent promises and gorgeous language. Everybody will remember the wonderful things that were to be done at Sydenham for the elevation of the masses and the general regeneration of the world; and, though the results have not perhaps been exactly what were expected, the eloquence of the Directors' annual prospectus has never failed. Their pre-eminence in this sort of literature is now, however, seriously challenged, and indeed we are afraid, for the moment, almost eclipsed, by the programme of the Alexandra Palace. It is of course not to be supposed that the Crystal Palace will tamely submit to be surpassed in this way. The blast from Muswell Hill will no doubt be replied to by a louder note from Sydenham, and the public will watch with interest an exciting competition. Although the author of the Alexandra Palace programme is himself apparently quite equal to any amount of fine writing, he has modestly obtained the assistance of other experts in this art. We are introduced in the first page to a "popular writer," who remarks that, "without State ceremonial, but with complete success, the Alexandra Palace was thrown open." This we take to be a sly hit at the other Palace, which was opened with State ceremonial, but, it would seem, without complete success; and the same may also perhaps be said of the Albert Hall. The popular writer then goes on to enumerate the marvels of Muswell Hill, among which a conspicuous place is assigned to "the buttercups in the grass and the may in the hedges"—very pretty things in their way, but not exclusively confined to that particular district of London—and arrives at the conclusion that the Alexandra Palace during its former brief existence added to its other feats that of "stamping itself on an enormous public as a success." And then we have another rather ungenerous poke at the rival shop over the way—"No house-tops to pass, or miles of squalor to shudder at." In connexion with the Alexandra Park there is, it appears, a Grove, which is to be reserved three days a week for picnic parties, and this time it is not a popular but "an able writer" who is brought forward to celebrate its sylvan loveliness. It is "pillared by noble oaks," and has turf of silky fineness, a cedar of Lebanon "like a foreshortened Gothic cathedral," and, "the monarch of all, a gigantic chestnut," whose "twining and bowing branches droop to the very ground and rise again, resting, not rooting, to emulate a vegetable peristyle of the banyan." It is but fair to say, however, that the Grove is really beautiful, in spite of the absurdity of the description. The new Palace is to consist mainly of a great central hall, and it is needless to say that "it will undoubtedly be one of the most perfect structures of the kind ever yet erected," for that may be assumed in regard to everything connected with this peerless Palace. Its adaptability to great musical and social gatherings is, we are told, evident from the fact that it will seat twelve thousand visitors and an orchestra of two thousand. But it may perhaps be doubted whether the music will not be lost in the vast space provided for the multitude. This space is to be adorned, possibly as a substitute for State ceremonial, with statues of the Kings and Queens of England, "designed to illustrate the royal costume of each period, and, as far as possible, some remarkable event in the life of each sovereign." The insinuation conveyed in the "as far as possible," that there are some sovereigns who cannot possibly be identified with anything but the clothes they wore, will, we fear, shock some loyal minds.

It is also perhaps unnecessary to state that the Directors of the Alexandra Palace "have been guided by one object—namely, the exclusion from the Palace of all entertainments which possess merely a sensational and questionable interest, and to encourage only those of a legitimate character, and which have a tendency to reform and elevate the public taste," because this is what we have heard before, and we know pretty well by this time what it all comes to. The account which is given of the attractions which are shortly to be provided at Muswell Hill suggests the impression that, if there is anybody out of a lunatic asylum whose notion of perfect happiness is to do Kew Gardens, the British Museum, the National Gallery, Brompton Boilers, the Lowther Arcade, Mme. Tussaud's, Cremorne, the Tower of London, and the Polytechnic all in one day, and at the same time before he goes home to see a play, an opera, a circus, a horse-show, and a steeplechase, with lots of opportunities between these various relaxations for miscellaneous eating, drinking, swimming, gymnastic exercises, and cock-shy, he could hardly do better than try the Alexandra Palace, inasmuch as the varied entertainments we have mentioned are only a very small part of what is promised in that amazing show-place. Our attention is first called to the Picture

Galleries, in connexion with which a taste, or want of taste, for art may be combined with a passion for gambling. One of the Company's season tickets entitles the holder to participate in an annual lottery of pictures, statuary, porcelain, pottery, engravings, and in addition to revel in the comprehensive enjoyments of the Palace, Park, and Grove. On the other hand, exhibitors are to be tempted to send contributions by "the invariable rule that all works of art intended for distribution will be purchased from the collections of the Palace." As the Directors will have only some score or so of other exhibitions to look after, they will of course have abundance of leisure for "direct negotiations with artists," in order to beat the dealers at their own trade. Lord Londenborough has lent the Company the collection of armour made by his father, which also includes Dr. Dee's "magical speculum, with which he used to call his spirits," and on which perhaps the Directors may themselves be suspected of relying to some extent for the performance of their promised marvels. A "peculiar feature" will consist in a series of representations of the architecture, gardening, manners, customs, and costume of foreign lands; and it might be worth while to see whether the Crystal Palace cannot be persuaded to dispose of its stock of broken-nosed savages which frighten little boys in dark corners of the transepts. There will be a Japanese village, built by Japanese workmen, where Japanese productions will be on sale "under the sanction of the Japanese Government." A Moorish house will also afford an opportunity of studying the architectural arrangements of the harem. There will be a reading-room, which is also to be (for the greater comfort of readers) "an agreeable place of resort for meeting, appointment, and social reunion." It is hoped that the "Exhibition Department" will not only be attractive to the public but "highly remunerative to exhibitors," and the commercial character of the institution is so far frankly expressed. The musical arrangements are to comprise concerts, oratorios, and English opera; and the public is also promised a theatre, which of course will be "of the most complete and perfect kind," as well as a circus in the grounds for equestrian performances. Then a great deal is to be done in "natural history," which turns out to mean shows of flowers, horses, dogs, and poultry, and a grand competition of metropolitan cabs and cab-horses, under the joint and most appropriate management of Cardinal Manning and Lord Shaftesbury, the latter of whom, it may be expected, will bring his donkey. It is suggested that at present the hackney-carriage driver does not "take any more than ordinary pride, or bestow more than the minimum amount of attention, to the cleanliness and general appointments of his cab, or, what is of far more importance, the condition, care, and comfort of his horse"; and it must be admitted that a very unpleasant and notorious fact could hardly be stated more delicately, though there is certainly room for improvement in the grammar of the sentence. It is apparently hoped that by bringing into full view a collection of those disgustingly filthy and rickety vehicles, and wretched steeds, the owners and drivers may be shocked into some sense of decency and humanity; and there can be no doubt that this would be a "very beneficial result to the public at large." To complete the scheme, however, there ought also to be an exhibition of cabmen, who certainly do not take more than ordinary pride in their own personal appearance, or bestow more than the minimum amount of attention on their cleanliness and general appointments. Next we come to what are called "national sports and amusements," for which the Alexandra Palace offers itself as "a natural suburban home." There will be races twice every summer, and a trotting ring in which matches will be contested; and this will of course involve, as a further attraction, a great exhibition of metropolitan black-guardism. Any one who wants to be hustled and robbed ought not to neglect this opportunity. We have hardly space to review all the other amusements for which facilities are to be given, but it may be enough to mention a skating rink, cricket-ground, archery, and boating, and leave the rest to the imagination of the public, who have only to think of anything they would like, from pitch and toss to Moody and Sankey, and they may reckon confidently that it has not been overlooked by the Directors. The refreshments are of course to be on a scale of unexampled magnificence and profusion. "Commodious bars," "numerous dining-rooms," a "banqueting-hall," and "convenient refreshment chalets distributed through the grounds" will afford to visitors who may be overcome by the inexhaustible amusements of the day ample means of restoration.

It is well known that a manager's programme at the beginning of a season must not be taken too literally, and the authors of this comprehensive project may find it expedient to postpone or abandon some parts of it. As far as can be seen, however, they appear to be bent on a repetition of the blunder against which the melancholy example of the Crystal Palace might have furnished a sufficient warning. They have gone to great expense in building a huge hall which is good for nothing except for a mob to promenade in; which, like the similar absurdity at Sydenham, will entail a constant and ruinous outlay for repairs; and which for the greater part of the year will be simply, as the phrase is, eating its head off. It is possible that such a place may be successful as a larger sort of tea-garden, and for certain exceptional entertainments; but nothing can be more preposterous than to imagine that people will go all the way to Muswell Hill in search of theatrical or operatic entertainments which they get more conveniently, and of an infinitely better kind, in town. A theatre or an opera-house is a thing which can only be worked profitably when the whole attention of the

manager is concentrated upon it, and even then it is not everybody who succeeds. But here we have half-a-dozen directors, without any practical knowledge or experience, undertaking the management of almost every kind of public show which has yet been invented. There is one part of the scheme which indicates very clearly the hopeless confusion of mind in which it has been hatched. The Company, we are informed, "is fortunate in the possession of 300 acres of land available for building purposes"; and "this land has been allotted on a carefully considered scheme which will in no degree detract from the attractions of the Palace and Park, whilst those who are fortunate enough to reside in the houses to be erected on it will enjoy special advantages beyond that of dwelling in one of our most healthy and convenient suburbs." Among the special advantages which these fortunate people have in prospect must be included, we suppose, the invasion of their sylvan quiet by all the scum and scoundrelism which invariably attend suburban race-meeting, while at other times their nightly repose will be soothed by the noises of poultry, dogs, and donkeys. It is just possible that a scheme may have too many sides, and those who are responsible for this one will perhaps find some difficulty in reconciling the filthy ruffianism to which they propose to throw open their estate with that "elevation and refinement of public taste" and that pretty building speculation which are also parts of their project.

CARDINAL RAUSCHER AND THE OLD CATHOLICS.

IT has often been said that Cardinals are "born infallibilists," and although several Cardinals at the Vatican Council took a prominent part in the opposition, their subsequent conduct serves in most cases to confirm this view. If the Ultramontanes have had a hard time of it in Prussia, the Old Catholics do not seem to have been getting on very comfortably in Austria. Only the other day a meeting of theirs was forbidden by the police, and the stringent Pastoral just issued against them by Cardinal Rauscher is occasioned by a very moderate measure of relief which has been passed by what he calls the "unbelieving" vote of the Lower House, and is now coming before the Upper House of the Reichstag. This is not, to be sure, such hard measure as has been dealt to their rivals in Germany, where, if we may believe a writer in the new number of the *Edinburgh Review*, not only five Bishops but 14,000 priests, and about an equal number of laymen, have been fined or imprisoned under the Falk laws, while, as a natural result of this persecution, the number of Ultramontane deputies to the Diet has been doubled. Whether the repressive force of the law has had the effect of consolidating or checking the growth of the Old Catholic movement in Austria we hardly know as yet. It is rather with the animus of those who are taking the lead in putting it down that we are immediately concerned. Among the prelates who led the forlorn hope at the Vatican Council, one of the most illustrious has since been removed from the scene by what may not unfairly be termed a martyr's death. Of the German members of the opposition Cardinal Schwarzenberg has, we believe, yielded at the outside nothing beyond a tacit acquiescence in the obnoxious decrees, and Bishop Strossmayer has never acquiesced at all. The two handsome folios containing Massarelli's Acts of the Council of Trent, which the late Father Theiner was forbidden to publish in Rome when their unfavourable bearing on the very different regulations enforced at the Vatican had become apparent, were edited by him and published just after his death in Croatia, under the auspices of Bishop Strossmayer, to whom he pays a glowing tribute in the preface. And it is understood that further and still more important publications connected with the Council of Trent are being prepared under the same high sanction, including Massarelli's private diary of the Council, of which Theiner has only ventured to make a very sparing use in his footnotes, and which may be expected to contain many startling revelations. On the other hand, Bishop Förster of Breslau, whose anti-infallibilist zeal in 1870 more than once brought him into conflict with the Papal police, has been the only one of the Prussian Bishops to promulgate the recent Encyclical, and has just received from the Pope the archiepiscopal pallium in acknowledgment of his services. Archbishop Melchers of Cologne, who was called to order for his trenchant denunciations of the meddling despotism of Rome at the Vatican Synod by the presiding Legate, and sharply replied that he spoke in the name of above a million German Catholics, has shown himself since then one of the readiest instruments of the policy of the Curia. Cardinal Rauscher himself has never lost an opportunity, either in his place in the Upper House or elsewhere, of using the whole force of his very considerable official and personal influence for the suppression of those whose offence is their too faithful adherence to the very principles which he so strenuously vindicated only five years ago.

In this busy age memories are apt to be short, and a man in a public position who does not shrink from boldly "effacing" his previous professions or acts has a good chance before long of being taken at his word, especially if he has an influential party at his back. It is already almost forgotten that Cardinal Ledochowski and Archbishop Förster, as they have now become, were not so long ago closely allied with the Prussian Government, and that even Ketteler, if he did not go so far as some of his colleagues, was an ardent "inopportunist" at the Vatican Council. And it may be worth while, therefore, in view of his recent utterances, to recall

briefly the position occupied throughout that ill-omened assembly by the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna. *Littera scripta manet*, and whatever colouring he may now choose to give to his previous conduct, the speeches he made, the pamphlets he published, and the protests he signed in those days, remain on record, and may be easily consulted in the pages of *Quirinus*, and in Friedrich's *Tagebuch* and *Documenta Concilii Vaticani*. Within a few weeks of the opening of the Council, on January 2, 1870, a vigorous protest against the order of business imposed on its members, drawn up by Cardinal Rauscher and signed by the whole body of German and Austrian prelates, was presented to the Pope, who refused to receive it. It appeals to the inherent rights of the episcopate as dependent on Divine institution, not on Papal grace. Ten days later Rauscher subscribed the protest against the introduction of the infallibility doctrine. When Dr. Döllinger soon afterwards put out a crushing refutation of the infallibilist address, and attempts were made to induce the German Bishops to disclaim agreement with him, Rauscher united with his colleagues in refusing to do so. But he did not content himself with a merely negative opposition. In April he put forth a treatise on the subject, calm and dignified in tone, but not a little remarkable when viewed in the light of later events. It reads almost like a summary of Mr. Gladstone's *Vaticanism*. Papal Infallibility, the Cardinal observed, must include all decisions of former Pontiffs, and therefore, among other things, must cover the *Unam Sanctam* of Boniface VIII. making the Pope supreme over the whole civil domain, which would be welcome news to those who desire to banish the Church altogether from civil society. The author proceeds to prove from ecclesiastical history that the Popes did not formerly hold themselves infallible, and have often fallen into errors rejected by the Church. He insists especially on the pointed contrast between ancient and modern Papal teaching on the relations of Church and State, and argues that with Papal infallibility the whole mediæval theory of the depositing power and absolute civil supremacy of the pontificate must inevitably revive, which would be a terrible triumph for the enemies of all religion. The Cardinal goes on to dwell on the forgeries by which Aquinas, whose impress is stamped on the whole scholastic theology, was himself misled in this matter. He concludes, "If the Pope is declared to be, alone and without the episcopate, infallible in faith and morals, the Ecumenical Councils are robbed of the authority recognized by Gregory the Great when he said he honoured them equally with the four Gospels; for they would be, and would have always been, even at the time of the Nicene Council, superfluous for deciding on faith and morals. This doctrine would be a declaration of war against the innermost convictions of the Church, and she would be robbed for the future of those aids supplied by the Council of Trent at her extremest need." These objections are repeated in still stronger terms in an address from the same hand presented to the Presidents of the Council, and signed by many Bishops of other nations, including England and America, as well as by the Germans. It dwells chiefly on the civil bearings of the proposed new dogma, citing the *Unam Sanctam* and *Cum ex Apostolatus officio*, and dismisses as an "inadmissible subterfuge" the plea that the powers claimed in these Bulls exist only in the abstract and have no bearing on public affairs. When at the beginning of June the general debate on infallibility was abruptly closed by the Legates, the international meeting called to discuss this arbitrary procedure was held in Cardinal Rauscher's lodgings, and it was he who drew the protest. He afterwards endeavoured to get the purely Gallican formula of St. Antoninus of Florence adopted, which makes the Pope infallible only when he "follows the counsel of the Universal Church." In his last speech, about three weeks before the close of the Council, he declared the infallibilist dogma to be equally at issue with the facts of history and the tradition of the Church, and sure to have fatal consequences. He referred to the cases of Vigilius, Honorius, Nicholas III., John XXII., and other Popes, and finally declared that "he could never assent to the *Schema* without mortal sin." Archbishop (now Cardinal) Deschamps interrupted him with the impatient comment, "We knew all that before from your pamphlet." "Yes," replied Rauscher, "but you have never refuted it." He was lastly one of the 88 Bishops who voted *non placet* on July 13, and one of the 55 who signed the formal protest against it. Yet he can now only regard a measure for relieving the consciences of Old Catholics in the Austrian Empire as the work of unbelievers.

It is indeed easier to explain than to excuse the altered attitude of these prelates. In this very Pastoral Cardinal Rauscher speaks of the infallibilist definition as an occasion of trial for the faith of many, and expresses his earnest hope that those who succumbed to it—*i.e.* who repudiated the decree—will return to their allegiance and thus contribute to restoring the peace of the Church. It is natural perhaps that Cardinals and Bishops should be ready to sacrifice almost anything to the maintenance of external unity, and if this can be preserved by the formal acceptance of what the late Archbishop Darboy termed "an unmeaning dogma" (*un dogme inepte*), they do not care to scrutinize too closely the various and conflicting senses, or negations of sense, which may be loosely comprehended under a common formula. How wide these divergences are may be gathered from a comparison, *e.g.*, of Dr. Newman's recent pamphlet with Cardinal Manning's; not that we are for a moment identifying Dr. Newman with the slippery policy chargeable on so many high dignitaries, for in some recondite sense, which is not likely to commend itself to any intellect less subtle than his own, he has always believed, and openly professed to believe, in

Papal infallibility, and he has made it abundantly clear that he believes it in no other sense now. No charge therefore can be made against his consistency, however one may regret the line he has felt it right to take. One detailed illustration alone will suffice to show the flexibility of this truly Lesbian rule. It would seem to any ordinary apprehension that, if the Pope is infallible when he speaks *ex cathedra*, the Syllabus which convulsed all Catholic Europe ten years ago, and has been the theme both of literary criticism and political censure or remonstrance ever since, must be an infallible document. And by all consistent Ultramontanes it is accepted as such, and forms part of "a vast body of Catholic doctrine," as Dr. Kavanagh puts it. But there are other Ultramontanes, and still more divines, who, like Dr. Newman, cannot be called Ultramontanes at all except in their reluctant acquiescence in the Vatican Decrees, who take quite the opposite view. Thus to Dr. Newman the Syllabus is a mere "index raisonné," drawn by an unknown hand and having no dogmatic authority whatever beyond what it may incidentally derive from the various Allocutions, Bulls, &c., to which it refers, and under the limitations therein implied. What is stranger still, the late Bishop Fessler, writing with the express sanction of the Pope, denies the *ex cathedra* character of the Syllabus; while His Holiness has at the same time, with a somewhat embarrassing impartiality, bestowed emphatic commendation on his dear son, the editor of the *Dublin Review*, who strenuously asserts just the contrary. In his recent pamphlet Cardinal Manning maintains a judicious reserve on the subject; but if we turn to a sermon expressly on the Syllabus, preached two years before the Vatican Council, and published in the last volume of his *Sermons on Ecclesiastical Subjects*, in 1873, we find an estimate so startlingly contrasting with Dr. Newman's that it is difficult to believe the same document is being described. Instead of its being a mere "catalogue," drawn up nobody knows by whom, "having no dogmatic force," and no connexion whatever with the accompanying Encyclical but the purely accidental one of time, we are now informed by the Archbishop from his cathedral pulpit that "in the year 1864, and on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the Holy Father published two documents, the one called an Encyclical, the other called the Syllabus." The latter of these documents "contained eighty errors, partly on matters of faith, partly on matters of morals, in both of which, as you know, the Catholic Church, and the Head of the Catholic Church also, by Divine assistance, are infallible." And then it is immediately added, to preclude any possible loophole of escape, that "under morals are also included a number of errors relating to the political state of the world, the Church, and its Head." To these political errors the rest of the sermon is devoted, and it closes with the solemn announcement that "the Syllabus is the word of truth and of charity—the word of the chief Christian Pastor, speaking to the Christian world, and calling it back to the one Name under heaven given among men whereby we can be saved." Language more emphatic and solemn could hardly be applied to the Decalogue or the Sermon on the Mount.

To plain persons who honestly desire—and there are such—to find in Papal infallibility a sure guidance amid the strife of tongues, such diversities of interpretation must be sadly perplexing, for they of course make the proffered guidance for all practical purposes worthless. And we have merely taken the Syllabus as one crucial illustration out of many of the fatal elasticity of the new rule of faith. For whatever doctrines it may prescribe, including the Vatican dogma itself, must be submitted, according to Dr. Newman, who is borne out by Bishop Fessler, to the judgment of the "Schola Theologorum"—that is, of the great body of Catholic theologians all over the world—who can alone determine their true scope and meaning, and whose decision is necessarily "a work of time"—indeed of so long a time that on most disputed points they are not very likely ever to arrive at a unanimous decision; and even if they do it may have to be revised, for "instances frequently occur when questions which had seemed to be closed are after a course of years reopened." And thus, while the Vatican definition makes the Pope's infallible utterances independent of the consent of the Church, the consent of theologians can alone determine, after a long course of years, when he has spoken infallibly and what he meant to say. Considerations of this sort, though they may not be able to expound them with Dr. Newman's subtlety of thought and perspicuity of diction, are probably more or less familiar to the minds of potentates like Cardinal Rauscher, who use all the weight of their high official position to enforce on dissentients or doubters a dogma which they not long ago vehemently combated themselves on grounds still left unrefuted, and which it would be little short of an insult to their intelligence to suppose they can have now brought themselves to believe. To them, as to Archbishop Darboy, the dogma is too absurd to be seriously entertained, and it may therefore be innocuously professed as a formal condition of maintaining "the peace of the Church." Their own experience might teach them, however, that some allowance is due to the scruples of those who are otherwise minded, and who think that even peace may be too dearly purchased at the cost of sincerity and truth.

THE COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN LOANS.

WHEN a mossy stone by the side of a ditch is suddenly turned up, a great many strange, sprawling creatures, more curious than pretty, are seen rushing about in the most grotesque

surprise and bewilderment at the unexpected daylight; and it may be conceived that, if these unhappy insects had only the faculty of speech, they would be heard expressing their disgust and indignation in no measured terms, and that very strong language would probably be used about the breach of ancient privilege. Something of this sort has happened in regard to the inquiries which are now being prosecuted by the Foreign Loans Committee. There are apparently a number of people who think they are very ill used by the proceedings which have led to some uncomfortable disclosures, and that if this kind of thing is to go on it will be extremely unpleasant. The *Times*, among other recent strange wanderings from its old ways, has in a half-ashamed fashion made itself the apologist, if not the mouthpiece, of this class. It has preached more than one edifying sermon on Hosea Biglow's well-known text, that, although it is all very well to go in pretty strongly against "wrong in the abstract,"

You must not be hard on pertickler sins,
'Cause then you get kicking the people's own shins.

The *Times* holds that "a general inquiry, with a view to some general legislation, would not necessarily enter into particular cases in this way." The distinction, we are reminded, between evidence which deals in general results on broad facts and opinions, and such as enters into the details of particular cases so as to disclose and expose them, is well understood; and it is the latter course which is objected to, on the ground that it involves embarrassment. "Persons implicated naturally endeavour to defend themselves, and they do so by implicating others; and so the embarrassment becomes greater and greater as the inquiry goes on." The embarrassment thus deplored is, we presume, that of the persons implicated; but this is not necessarily a result which the public need regret, and the *Times* would have done well to explain how sound general views can be obtained independently of particular facts. It has usually been supposed that a general view was only a logical summary of the conclusions suggested by a variety of detailed information; and we should be very much afraid that any general views arrived at after the method recommended by the *Times* would be found to bear a very close resemblance to the shadowy evolutions of pure moral consciousness. The alternative which it is thought will pose the Committee and its supporters is this—either there is fraud, and in that case the question at issue ought to be taken to the law courts; or there is no fraud, and then what business has the Committee to interfere? The answer, however, is tolerably obvious. It is possible to conceive that there may be transactions which, if not absolutely fraudulent in the legal sense, are yet highly injurious to the public interests; and the question, as far as we understand it, which the Committee has been appointed to inquire into, is whether this state of things really exists, and, if so, what remedies it would advise. It would be absurd to say that, because the law does not at present touch certain objectionable practices, they are therefore to be allowed to be indefinitely carried on with complete impunity. All that the law courts have to deal with is the law as it is; but then it is urged that certain combinations and contrivances have been devised expressly for the purpose of keeping on the blind side of the law and thus evading the penalties to which less ingenious rogues would be exposed. It would certainly be improper for any one in the present unfinished state of the investigation to draw any very specific conclusions from it as to the behaviour of particular persons, and it may almost be assumed that the Committee itself will not feel at liberty, when its work is over, to express a decided opinion on many of the personal questions involved. Its Report will no doubt be as general as even the *Times* could desire; but it will also possess the authority which belongs to opinions based upon a careful examination of evidence in detail. The more clearly it is made out that certain swindling practices cannot at present be treated as legal fraud, the greater will be the need of amending the law, and the more necessary and important therefore the labours of the Committee.

The Committee has issued a special Report in answer to the inquiries which were addressed to it on Mr. Disraeli's suggestion, but we see no reason for altering the opinion we have already expressed, that a mistake was committed in admitting M. Herran's letter as part of the regular public proceedings, without even an attempt to induce him to give oral evidence. At the same time it would be ridiculous to attach much importance to the error. It may be assumed that M. Herran's letter will now be taken just for what it is worth—that is, as a general assertion of which no corroboratory evidence is offered, and which has never been tested by cross-examination. In other respects the conduct of the Committee has been apparently moderate and discreet. Persons who have been willing to give evidence have been examined, but the Committee has not in any instance enforced its power to compel the attendance of reluctant witnesses. An investigation conducted in this manner is no doubt to some extent imperfect, and certainly does not satisfy strictly judicial conditions. It would be rash to conclude that those who have as yet withheld any explanations of their relation to certain rather ugly-looking transactions have no explanations to give; but it may at least be supposed that they are not so proud of their trade as to make an ostentatious exhibition of its methods of operation. Even if the Report of the Committee is found, when published, to contain nothing very definite or practical in the way of suggestions, the mere publication of the evidence, as far as it has gone, has been extremely useful from a public point of view. National education in all its forms is one of the great principles of modern government, and there is nothing on which a large part of our countrymen and countrywomen so much require

to be educated as in regard to the practices of the people who get up Companies and loans and of their confederates on the Stock Exchange. Whenever anything particularly scandalous is exposed, the persons implicated at once turn round and cry, "What is the use of making such a fuss about nothing? We have only been doing what everybody does, and everybody knows it. It is the usage of the trade, and if anybody has been deceived, it has been only through their own blind stupidity and folly." This is the "original sin" theory which has been propounded as a consolation to the Honduras bondholders, and the author has no doubt by this time received his reward in any number of Grand Crosses, which appears to be the only remaining currency of that mysterious country. There is certainly something to be said on this side of the question; but the imprudent investors who are thus represented as the real culprits, tempting innocent persons to take advantage of their excessive simplicity, are also entitled to some consideration; and it may be thought that it will be for the protection of both parties if in future the class of people who are likely to be attracted by questionable speculations are enlightened as to the risks which they are encountering. *Caveat emptor* is no doubt a sound principle within reasonable limits, but there can at least be no objection to extending that sort of general knowledge of financial transactions which will prevent small capitalists from offering to bankers and brokers the kind of temptation which a silly lamb presents to a hungry wolf when it rushes into its jaws. It is impossible of course that this kind of information can be disseminated without making some people uncomfortable, but the public welfare must at times override private convenience. There are two ways in which fraudulent practices may be checked—one is by bringing the offenders to punishment, and the other is by opening the eyes of dupes; and of these the latter is, as far as at any rate as the sharers are concerned, the more merciful plan. Apart from this, it is quite possible that the light already thrown on the processes of the Stock Exchange may lead to some important propositions for a reform of that institution.

BALLOONING.

THE experience of M. Tissandier commenced in 1868, when he ascended with M. Duruof from Calais. They had made a pleasant voyage over the sea, and were returning safely when M. Tissandier in his inexperience threw out a whole sack of ballast. Instantly they ascended to a height of 6,500 feet and heard beneath them the melodious but terrible sound of the sea. The sun was about to sink into the waves. How imprudent they had been! Were they not trying fortune too hard, and soliciting adversity by coming a second time over the ocean depths from which they had escaped so miraculously just before? The powerful breeze that reigns along the ground carries us in towards the shore, and it has already saved us once. Soon we near a cape, which spreads itself out before us like a narrow promontory, and becomes wider as we approach it. But will the *Neptune* reach its soil, or will it rush past its extreme point, and carry us on over the vast ocean? Night is falling fast, the sky is overcast, and every second of hesitation may now prove dangerous. Suddenly Duruof allows a cry of joy to escape his lips, and there can be no doubt that the wind is really carrying us on the coast. Duruof pulls the valve-rope, and the balloon soon sails nearly on the surface of the waves. At the same moment Barret throws the grapnel out, and as soon as they reach the shore Tissandier lets go the anchor. It soon strikes on a sandhill, and the *Neptune* rolls over on its side. On this occasion Tissandier threw over chicken bones after luncheon, and Duruof reproved him for wasting ballast. This exciting story, which we have abridged from the narrative of the principal performer, recalls the experience of Gay-Lussac, who in 1804 reached the height of 22,966 feet, and, wishing to rise still higher, threw overboard a common deal chair. It fell close to a girl tending sheep, and as the sky was clear and the balloon invisible, she in that unsophisticated age supposed that this chair had been sent down direct from Paradise. This idea could only be opposed by referring to the very coarse workmanship of the chair. The discussion continued until the newspapers put an end to it by publishing an account of M. Gay-Lussac's voyage, and grouping among natural phenomena what had been looked upon as a miracle. In M. Tissandier's next voyage he noticed that the ballast thrown out formed a perfect rain of sand which covered the party with dust. This he accounts for by observing that the balloon descending with increasing velocity may sink much more rapidly than the ballast, so that the latter may fall on those who throw it out. On this occasion the balloon burst, but fortunately it was close to the ground. Tissandier and his friends now planned an ascent to be made from Havre. Duruof was commissioned to inspect the balloon, but, as he had agreed to make the ascent at any risk, he thought he would put off the inspection till the balloon arrived at Havre. "The fact is, he was afraid to find it unfit for use." The wind blew so violently that the balloon burst during inflation, and the spectators were well pleased to take back their money, and congratulated the party on not going up in such gusty weather. His next ascent was made from Paris in November in a snowstorm, and, having reached the height of 6,500 feet, they resolved not to think of rising higher. To do so they must expend the last atom of ballast on which safety might depend. If they should plunge their aerial chariot into the solar beams which shine above them, the heavy layer of snow on the balloon would melt at once, and thus lightened they would be carried up into the highest

regions of the air. After admiring the scene for some time, they would be called back again towards the earth by that invisible power called gravitation, and on descending the balloon would accumulate a fresh supply of snow, and so descend with great rapidity, during which time they would have no ballast to throw out, and to save them from falling to the ground with a fearful shock.

On the 12th of March 1869, M. Tissandier projected an ascent in a balloon called the *North Pole*, intending to hand over any profit that might be derived to an Arctic expedition then projected. With this intention he sent a petition to the Emperor, asking the use of the Esplanade des Invalides for the ascent. At the end of a month an answer came stating that the Esplanade was an inconvenient place for balloon ascents, but the Champ de Mars might be obtained on application in the proper quarter. References to and fro between officials went on with as much activity as in England, and finally on the 21st of May the ascent was authorised. The *Captive* balloon, in which the ascent was to be made, arrived from London; and a Custom House officer stated that, as nothing proved its French origin, there would be a duty payable of 120*l.* Fortunately, however, the requisite evidence was forthcoming. The 27th of June was fixed for the ascent, and the police authorities had refused to send any men to keep order unless the military authorities would allow some soldiers also. M. Tissandier went to the Commandant of Paris, who told him that he thought the authorities were highly to blame in allowing the balloonists to make use of the Champ de Mars, already so long occupied by the Exhibition building, when it was required for drilling troops. He told them they should have neither soldiers nor band, as the army was not a police force, and military music was never intended to amuse a parcel of fools. However, by "certain influences," both soldiers and band were obtained, but the ascent was not financially profitable for the Polar expedition. M. Tissandier, who is thoroughly a Frenchman, found one thought to console him. "It was that the Polar expedition and aerial navigation joined hands for once. It was a touching union of two noble causes, equally neglected, equally unfortunate." In this expedition M. Tissandier commanded, having a crew of eight persons. The balloon, being of great size, was difficult to manage on reaching earth. It crossed the country faster than a racehorse, and made leaps thirty yards high. There is no great danger when the balloon descends upon a well-chosen spot, "but it would be interesting, nevertheless, to abridge this portion of the journey as much as possible." The descent was effected at Auneau, and M. Tissandier concludes his narrative with a reflection which under present circumstances sounds rather melancholy. "How many balloon descents would be necessary to cause disasters equal to those which civil war gave rise to in this fertile and peaceful district of La Beauce?" The villagers of Auneau made properly welcome a party which descended from the evening clouds, bringing with it sixty pints of wine and twenty pints of brandy. After making a night of it with abundant mirth, the voyagers were charged 67 francs for damage to crops.

It will be seen from this sketch of M. Tissandier's career that he is an experienced as well as an enthusiastic aeronaut. But the peculiar dangers to which his companions succumbed could not probably have been mitigated by any advice or aid from him. He says that the party had passed an elevation of 8,000 mètres, or nearly five miles, at one o'clock, and then they fell into a state of complete stupefaction. He aroused himself for a moment, and then he saw that the balloon was descending, and that his companion, Croce-Spinelli, was throwing out the *aspirateur*. This was an instrument weighing 80 lbs., which Croce threw out by mistake, causing a second ascent to a considerable height, in which he and Sivel died of asphyxia produced by intense rarefaction of the air. Some persons will feel that influence sooner and more acutely than others, according to constitution and habit. A striking picture in a well-known book represents "Mr. Glaisher insensible at the height of seven miles" in the car, while his companion Mr. Coxwell has climbed to the ring from which the car depends, and bears the air of an able seaman in aerial navigation. This ascent was made from Wolverhampton, on September 5, 1862. At a little over three miles Mr. Coxwell was panting for breath. Up to five miles in height Mr. Glaisher had taken observations with comfort, and experienced no difficulty in breathing, whilst Mr. Coxwell, in consequence of the exertions he had to make, had breathed with difficulty for some time. Having discharged sand, they ascended still higher, the aspirator became troublesome to work, and Mr. Glaisher found a difficulty in seeing clearly. He asked Mr. Coxwell to help him to read the instruments. But he had to leave the car, and mount into the ring to adjust the valve-line. Mr. Glaisher looked at the barometer, and found its reading to imply a height exceeding 29,000 feet. Shortly after he laid his arm upon the table possessed of its full vigour, but on trying to use it he found it powerless. Trying to move the other arm, he found it powerless also. All muscular power was lost from his back and neck. He dimly saw Mr. Coxwell, and endeavoured to speak, but could not. In an instant intense darkness overcame him, but he was still conscious and his brain active. He thought he had been seized with asphyxia, and believed he should experience nothing more, as death would come unless they speedily descended. Other thoughts were entering his mind when he suddenly became unconscious as in going to sleep. While powerless he heard the words "temperature" and "observation," and he knew that Mr. Coxwell was in the car speaking to and endeavouring to rouse him. Then he heard the words "Do try, now do." Then the instruments became

dimly visible, then Mr. Coxwell, and very shortly Mr. Glaisher saw clearly. Then he arose and looked around as though waking from sleep, and said to Mr. Coxwell, "I have been insensible." He said, "You have; and I too very nearly." Mr. Coxwell said he had lost the use of his hands, which were black, and Mr. Glaisher poured brandy over them. Mr. Glaisher estimates the time of his total insensibility at seven minutes. Mr. Coxwell told him that while in the ring he felt it piercingly cold, and on attempting to leave the ring he found his hands frozen. He had therefore to place his arms on the ring and drop down. When he felt insensibility coming over him too, he became anxious to open the valve. But having lost the use of his hands he could not do this. Ultimately he succeeded by seizing the cord with his teeth, and dipping his head two or three times until the balloon took a decided turn downwards. No inconvenience followed Mr. Glaisher's insensibility. He calculates that the balloon must have attained the altitude of 36,000 or 37,000 feet, or fully seven miles.

With this experience to guide us, M. Tissandier's account of the death of his companions is readily intelligible. "They were seized with asphyxia in the high aerial altitudes which we reached." During two consecutive hours he was himself in a state of complete coma. At 1.20 P.M. they were at a height of 7,000 mètres. Sivel and Croce were pallid. He felt weak. He inhaled some oxygen, which reanimated him a little. They still ascended. Sivel asked the others whether he should throw out ballast, and they assented. Three bags of ballast were emptied and they rose rapidly. All of a sudden Tissandier became so feeble that he could not even turn his head to look at his companions. He wished to take hold of the oxygen tube, but found it impossible to raise his arm. His brain was still quite clear. He could see the needle of the barometer, and wished to call out "We are at a height of 8,000 mètres," but his tongue was as it were paralysed. Suddenly he shut his eyes and fell senseless in a complete trance. It was then about half-past 1. At 8 minutes past 2 he awoke for a moment. The balloon was rapidly descending. He was able to cut off a bag of ballast to stay the rapidity, and to write a few lines on his register. Then he again felt trembling and fainting, and felt a violent wind, which indicated a very rapid descent. Some minutes after he felt his arm shaken, and recognized Croce, who was reanimated, throwing out ballast. He unhooked the aspirator and threw it overboard, as well as ballast coverings. Of all this Tissandier has a very confused recollection, for he fell again into a state of coma even more complete than before, and it seemed as though he was wrapped in eternal sleep. He supposes that the balloon thus lightened had again ascended to a high altitude. At about a quarter past 3 he opened his eyes again. He felt giddy and dejected, but his brain was clear. The balloon was descending with frightful rapidity. He called to his companions, but they answered not, being both dead. On nearing earth the anchor would not catch, and the car glided flat over the fields. He got hold of the rope of the escape valve, and the balloon soon emptied itself, and then crashed against a tree. It was four o'clock when he put foot on earth. His companions were already cold and stiff.

FRENCH PLAYS.

SEVERAL reasons might fairly be urged in favour of the establishment of a French theatre in London. There are many people resident in London who may desire to witness the masterpieces of French authors and actors without seeking them in France; and there are probably some who add to this the praiseworthy wish to gain familiarity with the French language as it ought to be spoken. Every condition under which the presence of a French company in London ought to meet with support and success was fulfilled on one occasion by the standard of which, from its exceptional nature, it would be unfair to judge others. Since then the French plays performed here from time to time have generally managed to present some of the attributes which made their presence acceptable. The company assembled, though never of the first order, yet did good service in showing how good an effect might be obtained by that attention to general as well as to particular merit which belongs to the Continental dramatic system. Although actors and actresses of exceptional power appeared, the subordinate parts were not neglected. And so long as plays of such delicate beauty as Alfred de Musset's, or of so unique a character as M. Feuillet's, were not attempted, the performances were better in the matter of general level than those found at the common run of English theatres; and consequently their existence was desirable. When the level maintained in such performances is in no way higher than that found at most English theatres, they cease to be so desirable. The manager of the French theatre at present established here has shown a laudable perseverance in continuing his undertaking; and the difficulties of the business must in fairness excuse something of its ineffective carrying out. Players of a high class in France are not likely to leave their native soil without some extraordinary inducement; and it would be impossible for a manager to offer such an inducement to a whole company. It is not strange, therefore, that the acting should offer no striking attraction, and that the French should sometimes savour strongly of Toulouse.

There are other difficulties to be met as to the plays performed. It would be ridiculous for an ill-assorted company to attempt the

classical drama, whether in tragedy or comedy; and if such an attempt were feasible, it would probably meet with little encouragement. The first representations of the Comédie Française were given to empty benches; it was only when both the reputation and the power of the players were widely known that the London public flocked to see them in Corneille and Molière; and what was difficult for those whose special province it is to interpret the standard dramas of France would be impossible for others. Thus the manager is compelled to fall back upon the dramas of the current day, and here his path is by no means easy, inasmuch as many of those dramas cannot be represented in England; and for this difficulty the English public, delighting in a grievance, invariably blames the conduct of the censorship. There is much difficult work done, with little reward of public appreciation, in the theatrical department of the Lord Chamberlain's office, at the jurisdiction of which the critics and the public join in girding, in whatever direction it is exercised. It often happens in amateur theatricals, to compare small things with great, that the burden of the day falls upon the prompter, but for whom the performance would be hopelessly chaotic. His exertions are constant and unremitting, but they are repaid by no plaudits from the audience. His labour is lightened by no sense of delicious excitement; he bears "the cross without the crown of glory," and not only that, but he has also to endure the abuse of the very people for whose success he works. If he prompts steadily the leading actor assails him with, "My dear fellow, what could induce you to go on in that way? You must have perceived that I knew all that scene perfectly. You might have put me out and ruined the whole thing." On the other hand, if he relaxes his vigilance for a moment, a general outcry is raised against his neglect, and he is told that there might as well have been no prompter at all. In the same way the Examiner of Plays is abused, now for his intolerance of certain pieces, now for his tolerance. It was said formerly that it was absurd and inconsistent to pass such a play as *Tricoche et Cacot* and to refuse such a one as *Julie*; and it was forgotten that the one invested vice with a dangerously poetical atmosphere, while the other set it up as a butt for laughter.

This year some virtuous indignation has found a vent in protesting against *Mademoiselle Duparc*, and more has asserted itself against *Les Trente Millions de Gladiator*, the former piece being a drama of the Gymnase school, the latter such a broad piece of extravagance as is found at the Variétés or the Palais-Royal. A little thought upon the subject might deprive those who cry out upon the censorship of their privilege of grumbling, and this is perhaps the reason why no thought is given to it. Their conduct is singularly inconsistent; they wish to have a French theatre in London, but it must be ordered in accordance with English customs. But they cannot reasonably expect French authors to write for an English public, and it might be remembered that very few plays now produced in France are constructed without some allusion to a breach of morality. It is a significant fact that two plays, belonging to different periods, now popular at the first theatre of Paris, *Le Demi-Monde* and *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle*, both hinge upon a glaring departure from moral rules. The picture of violent infringement of social law and its results is asserted by writers for the Parisian stage to be the true means by which instruction and amusement may be conveyed together to the public. Indeed, according to one of these writers, the stage, by dint of constantly presenting such pictures, has become what it ought always to be, a great educational power. We are not bound to accept this view, and it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that the author who claims the credit of accomplishing this good work may be as much influenced in his choice of subjects by the knowledge that it is easier to find dramatic situations in irregular than in orderly phases of life as by a desire to benefit mankind. However that may be, to see his plays and others like them is no more repugnant to a French audience than it is to the English public to read Divorce Court reports in London or to see the same plays in Paris. For it is remarkable that the very people who regard the representation of a dubious piece in their own city as an outrage upon propriety will go eagerly to see such pieces in a foreign town, upon the same principle perhaps which makes it quite proper for a young man and a young woman to take a walk together in the country when such a proceeding would be unendurable in town. Since in this case those who travel seem able to change both their sky and their tone of mind, they might easily, one would think, if they wish to go to a French play in London, extend to the theatre a kind of extra territorial privilege, and imagine themselves for the time being in Paris. Such a fiction would not make them laugh more heartily than they now do at plays like *Les Trente Millions de Gladiator*, but it would save them the trouble of saying afterwards "It was certainly very funny; but then it was shockingly improper." That such pieces can have a seriously harmful effect is incredible; they deal with a certain view of French society, and treat it with humorous extravagance, not unmixed with a useful satire. Indeed it would be far easier to discover a deep moral meaning in them than in the dramas of the Octave Feuillet school. It should be remembered, too, that Englishmen possessing any knowledge of French theatrical matters, who may be taken as making up the English part of the audience at French plays in London, must know perfectly well what they are going to see, and need not go unless they like. It is by no means intended by these remarks that it would be desirable to do away with the censorship, a plan which has been suggested by some wise people

to avoid all difficulties. Long ago in Spain, where the drama has ever retained more than elsewhere its allegiance to moral principles, Cervantes found it necessary to suggest the institution of a censorship; and at the present day men of thought and education in America lament the absence of such an institution there. The removal of all restraint upon managers, who too often adopt the mistaken view that it pays best to appeal to a low taste, would be deplorable. Nor is it meant that the introduction in France, and consequently in England, of a higher tone in dramatic writing is not very desirable. But it is intended to suggest that the blame lavished upon the control exercised over French plays here by the censorship is unthinkingly and unjustly bestowed.

The plays produced by M. Pitron this season, up to Thursday last, have not, under the difficulties which have been hinted at, afforded any point of great interest. The piece brought out on Thursday, *La Comtesse de Sommerville*, we may take a future opportunity of noticing. Of the other performances there is not much to say. *La Famille Benoiton*, a clever dry play, aimed at a particular class of Parisian society, could only have become attractive even when its satire was fresh by exceptionally good acting. The author of *Mademoiselle Duparc* has not only selected a disagreeable subject, but has taken a most improbable view of it. A wife struggling with a governess for her husband's love does not take up a position of dignity; and it is difficult to sympathize with her when she proposes to throw herself out at window in order to provide a smoother course for her husband's love. Nor can we believe that after the governess, not to be outdone in generosity, has retired to a convent, the husband and wife would enjoy a very happy life. *Mademoiselle Duparc* makes a demand upon the powers of those who play it which was not satisfied by the company at the Opéra Comique. But to the interpretation of *Les Trente Millions de Gladiator*, a wild farce in four acts, they are fully equal; and the merit is theirs of handling some passages in the play, which might easily be made very disagreeable, with a singular freedom from offence. On this ground praise is especially due to Mlle. Wilhem, who plays a part which can be safely rendered only by the most guarded discretion with excellent tact.

RACING AT NEWMARKET AND EPSOM.

THE racing campaign at Newmarket opened this season under disadvantageous circumstances. Hitherto, however in-different the sport at headquarters, there was this to be said, that at other old-established meetings it was worse still. Moreover, a certain prestige attached to Newmarket which prevented racing there from falling into utter neglect, though it must be confessed that the authorities seemed to care little or nothing what became of it. But other meetings not enjoying such prestige became annually more insignificant, and bade fair to vanish altogether at no distant time out of sight. Consequently Newmarket was able to retain its position to a certain extent, not through its own merits, which were infinitesimally small, but because the demerits of its rivals were so great and so unmistakably apparent. This year, however, a great change has taken place in the character of racing. Lessees and clerks of courses have suddenly become aware of the truth that racing men of the modern school care, as a rule, more for the pecuniary than for the sporting side of the business, and that they will not take the trouble to bring out their horses unless they have a fair chance of securing a solid and substantial prize. They have also discovered that the stakes which satisfied the ambition and possibly were sufficient to repay the expenses of an older generation of racing men are utterly despicable in the eyes of modern sportsmen, and they have certainly bestirred themselves to profit by the discovery. The year 1875 will be remarkable in the annals of English racing for the vast increase of added money offered at various meetings that were rapidly going downhill. Such, for instance, were Northampton and Chester, which in a few years would have become but shadows of the past; and such were the meetings which have burst forth into renewed life under the influence of a profuse expenditure of money. A few years ago the addition of a thousand pounds to a race was a rare and remarkable event; now it is a matter of common occurrence. Where one hundred pounds used to be given, two are now offered; and two hundred pounds stakes have expanded into double that sum. During the present week there have been no fewer than three races to each of which five hundred pounds have been added, and in addition there have been steeplechases of great value, including one with twelve hundred pounds of added money. Lessees and clerks of courses are to be complimented on their sagacity in discerning the signs of the times, and discovering the proper methods for satisfying the mercantile spirit of modern racing men; but it is difficult to see how Newmarket is to stand against such a competition. The Jockey Club have not such prodigious funds at their command; the gate-money they receive in the shape of tolls for carriages and ring tickets is, after all, limited in amount; they have seven meetings in the year to look after, and it is not possible for them to throw thousands, or five hundreds, or even three hundreds, of added money broadcast over their programmes. On the other hand, the old supporters of Newmarket, the wealthy members of the aristocracy, have well nigh deserted it, as they have well nigh deserted racing altogether, and the rich sweepstakes for which Newmarket was so famous have faded into insignificance, while the sporting matches have almost become extinct. The meeting of Prince Charlie and Peut-être

was a happy accident, such as is not likely to occur again for many a long day. Consequently there is no resource save to fill up the card with little ten-pound sweepstakes, selling races, and fifty-pound plates, all of which are repeated at Newmarket day after day with wearisome monotony. Hence the wretched fields at Newmarket meetings. Owners do not care to run their horses for such paltry stakes; trainers at a distance positively refuse to take the trouble to send representatives; and even the four or five competitors that take part in them would probably be kept in their stables were it not that their presence offers some little opportunity for gambling. This is another evil of races of this class. Many a man who has a chance of winning a thousand-pound stake will content himself with that, and desire no further speculation; but how can a fifty-pound plate offer any return for the multiform expenses of training? The deficiency must be made up by gambling, and thus the paltriest races often provoke the liveliest speculation. Newmarket, in fact, is at present the nursing-mother of gambling on the Turf. Under such circumstances it would seem almost inconceivable that any person calling himself a sportsman should desire to curtail any further the already exiguous dimensions of Newmarket racing; yet a member of the Jockey Club actually brought forward a motion last week which, if carried, would have placed a formidable obstruction in the way of foreign racehorses participating in the contests on English racecourses. To require that every foreign-bred horse running in a handicap race in England should have been in an English training stable for three months before the date of such race would have been virtually an edict of proscription against foreign horses, for it is not likely that foreign sportsmen could or would have submitted to so unjust and despotic a demand. Consequently the fields, already small enough for handicap races, would have been still further reduced, and French and German sportsmen, who have done so much of late years to enliven the monotony of English sport, would have been banished from English racecourses because Adonis and Peut-être happen to have won the Cambridgeshire within a few years, and the carefully prepared plans of English mercantile sportsmen have been unceremoniously upset. To the credit of the Jockey Club it must be said that the motion found no favour or support from them; but that it should ever have been framed or even conceived is not a little astonishing.

A very brief notice will suffice to illustrate the character of the sport at the first meeting of the year at Newmarket. The Biennial was of course the feature of the first day's proceedings, though a passing interest attached to the hardly-won victories of Garterly Bell over Timour, and New Holland over Bay of Naples; and the former race must certainly have given a valuable clue to Prince Soltykoff as to the solution of the Two Thousand problem, and as to the probable chances of Balfe. The victory of Carnelian in the Brethy Plate was not unexpected, and the triple dead heat—if such an expression is permissible—in the Bushes Handicap was one of those curiosities of racing only witnessed at Newmarket, and only possible on Newmarket courses. The withdrawal of Balfe robbed the Biennial of much of its interest, and Lord Falmouth and Mr. Savile contributed four out of the eight runners. Earl of Dartrey, who last year was no whit better than Cataclysm, was supposed to have made sufficient improvement to beat not only her, but also the Repentance colt, his victor in the Clearwell Stakes last autumn; and the confidence of his friends was fully justified, for he won with the greatest possible ease. Last autumn Earl of Dartrey and Balfe ran a head and head race together; and it is now an interesting subject for conjecture which of the two has made the most improvement. On the second day there was nothing of consequence before the Newmarket Handicap, save the defeat of Carnelian by the German horse Basmas. Carnelian was giving 7 lbs., nevertheless a sufficient impression was made by his conqueror to elevate him to a forward position among the City and Suburban favourites. The addition of four hundred pounds to the Newmarket Handicap only availed to secure a field of ten, among whom were Peeping Tom, the winner of the Northamptonshire Stakes, Bertram, Lilian, Ecossais, and St. Leger, one of the highest-priced yearlings of 1873. A race abounding in disappointment ended in a punishing finish between Peeping Tom, St. Leger, Lord Gowran, and Quail, and the judge awarded the victory to St. Leger. An unprecedented event followed, the judge's decision being objected to, on the ground that he could not see straight, and that in reality Peeping Tom won by a length or more. It need hardly be said that the objection was not entertained; for of course, unless a charge of corrupt conduct can be substantiated against the judge, his decisions must be accepted as final, or racing would become a mere farce. Every one who has been much at Newmarket knows the difficulty of naming the winner on many of the courses, when there is a close finish; but that is all the more reason why the man in the box should be the best judge. In fact, in our opinion, he is the only possible judge in many cases, and if he cannot decide, we are perfectly certain that no one out of the box can, with any approach to accuracy. It would not be proper, of course, to allow the judge to have any company in his box; yet we cannot help thinking that, if an owner or two could now and then witness a closely contested race from that point of view, a different opinion might prevail as to the probability of outsiders on one side or the other of the course making any improvement on the decisions delivered by the responsible authority. The third day has rarely been surpassed, even at Newmarket, in the smallness of the fields. There were nine races, in which thirty-two horses took part, thus giving an average of

something over three horses for each race. We need only observe that Coomassie, supposed to be the flower of Sir A. de Rothschild's stable, was easily beaten by Count de Lagrange's Picnic, and that, when George Frederick and Miss Toto appeared to contest the time-honoured Claret Stakes, the Derby winner of 1874, was seen to be so palpably untrained that his chance was regarded as hopeless. Miss Toto, on the other hand, never looked better, and won without an effort. Matters did not mend much on the last day of the meeting, and the International Free Handicap, with three hundred pounds added, only attracted a moderate field of eleven. Peeping Tom made up for his disappointment two days before by winning very easily from Seymour and Conseil, and indeed, not being called upon to carry any penalty for winning the Northamptonshire Stakes, and being very lightly weighted, he could hardly fail to secure this prize. Ecossais ran well till he touched the hill, but Lowlander—how different from the Lowlander of last year's Ascot!—could neither go fast nor far. The concluding race of the week produced an interesting struggle between Breechloader, Tolu, and Pedometer—the latter one of the high-priced ones from the late Baron Rothschild's stable—which resulted ultimately in favour of Lord Fitzwilliam's horse, who forthwith took his position among the Two Thousand candidates. There was certainly some light thrown on future events by the running in the Craven week, but otherwise a more profitless meeting was never got through at headquarters than the first of the present season.

Considering the dryness of the season, it was remarkable how well the course at Epsom was covered with herbage, and after the wretched fields at Newmarket the contrast on Tuesday and Wednesday was highly satisfactory. The City and Suburban Handicap has retained all its old popularity, and though the sudden appearance of Basnas, the victory of St. Leger, the revival of Miss Toto, and the forward running of Timour last week seemed to make the result pretty well discounted, owners of horses were in no way frightened by these formidable competitors. A good field of twenty-three came to the post, including the quartet above mentioned, and most of those whose names have figured prominently for the last month in connexion with the race. The presence of Kaiser, Thorn, Modena, and Prince Arthur was sufficient to relieve the field from the charge of mediocrity which has since been made—mainly, we suppose, because a neglected outsider happened to secure the victory. The race was remarkable for two incidents. First, there were no false starts; and, secondly, there was a close and brilliant finish between four. Usually the City and Suburban is almost as exhausting to the patience of the spectators as the Cambridgeshire; nor has it been so prolific of exciting finishes. On Tuesday the twenty-three competitors, and their riders, manifested the most exemplary behaviour at the post; and at the close of the race the proverbial sheet would have covered the first four. What delay there was was occasioned at the weighing-room before the race, and also by the rider of Woodlands breaking one of his girths, and having to return for a new one. At Newmarket they would not have waited for him. The chances of most of the favourites were disposed of at some distance from home. Timour, a great pulling horse, showed to little advantage in the hands of a boy of 5 st. 10 lbs.; a mile was enough for Basnas and Prince Arthur; Kaiser and St. Leger retired from the fray a little further on; and at the distance Dalham, a despised outsider, appeared to be walking in. At the Stand, however, Tam o'Shanter and Freeman came out, and the latter overhauled Dalham rapidly. Just at the finish, however, he threw up the struggle with that faint-heartedness which he has so often displayed during his racing career, and Dalham was thus enabled to secure a clever victory by a neck. Little more than a neck separated the second from Tam o'Shanter, and Miss Toto, who did not at all relish Tattenham Corner, came with such a tremendous rush at the last that she only lost the third place by a head. The meritorious performance of Dalham at Goodwood last year, when he won the Chesterfield Cup over a course of about the same length as that for the City and Suburban, must have been unaccountably overlooked when he failed to gain a single friend for his Epsom engagement, though burdened with the lenient weight, for a four-year-old, of 7 st. 1 lb. At the same time he was meeting Tam o'Shanter on much worse terms than when he beat him at Goodwood, and therefore the latter was deservedly a more conspicuous favourite, particularly as his trainer was confident in his improvement. It appears, however, that Mr. Smith's horse has improved still more. The Westminster Stakes for two-year-olds fell to Julius Caesar, a fine-looking brother to Julius, purchased by Captain Machell at the sale of the Royal yearlings last year for 1,600 guineas. His immediate attendants at the finish were Duchess of Malfi and a high-bred daughter of Julius and Cerintha. On Wednesday we had a second edition, on a small scale, of the City and Suburban, and Tam o'Shanter and Miss Toto fought their battle over again in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, the weights being slightly disadvantageous to the latter. Tam o'Shanter won so cleverly as to produce an impression that, but for being disappointed on the day before, he must have very nearly won the City and Suburban. Miss Toto, however, would probably prefer a longer course than one of a mile or a mile and a quarter, and, in addition, she would prefer a straight course to one containing in it Tattenham Corner. Ten horses started for the Great Metropolitan, which now is great in name only. As in the City and Suburban, the favourites were decisively beaten, and two outsiders, Hampton and Temple Bar, ran right away from Trent, Scamp, Inquietude, and Bugle March. The Hyde Park Plate—a two-year-old race

with five hundred sovereigns added—brought out, as might have been expected, a good field of nineteen, and prominent among them were Charon and Julius Caesar, each carrying a penalty of 5 lbs. Julius Caesar was unfortunately disappointed, and Charon secured a clear victory from Lottie. The winner had the best of the start, but is a good horse, and has previously at Lincoln given proof of his merits. Last year this race was won by Galopin, now second favourite for the Derby, and it is not at all impossible that this year's winner may follow in the footsteps of his predecessor. Nothing so establishes a race in popular favour as the fact of the successive winners of it attaining to the highest honours of the year. Should it go on as it has begun, the Hyde Park Plate in spring will be the acknowledged rival of the Middle Park Plate in autumn.

The death of so prominent a supporter of racing as Sir Joseph Hawley cannot be passed over, even in the most cursory comment on racing affairs, without a word of notice. The winner of four Derbys and the loser of a fifth, after his representative had been nearly knocked down at Tattenham Corner, by a couple of inches only, Sir Joseph Hawley had also carried off the other principal prizes of the Turf. The Oaks, the St. Leger, and the leading Cup races had all fallen to his share. With his select, and by no means extravagantly large, stud he accomplished wonders, and yet he had a chequered career on the Turf. In contrast to seasons when he carried all before him were years of heartbreaking disappointments that would have caused a less stout-hearted man to abandon horse-racing in disgust. It was a common thing to extol Sir Joseph Hawley as a consummate judge of horses; but we should rather regard him as a master in the art of putting horses together. The comparative force of horses he knew to an ounce; but as a breeder or a purchaser he was often assisted by luck. Teddington was a fortunate purchase; and, on the other hand, it was fortunate that when he was anxious to part with Beadsman, a purchaser was not to be found. In later years he was well nigh disgusted with the stock of Beadsman, when suddenly Blue Gown, Rosicrucian, and Green Sleeve appeared, to the astonishment of the world, in a single season. In his estimate of the superiority of Rosicrucian and Green Sleeve to their stable companion, Sir J. Hawley may have been originally right; and he never cordially forgave Blue Gown for escaping the influenza which prostrated his half-brother and half-sister. In training casualties, especially of late years, Sir J. Hawley was singularly unfortunate; and his carefully-planned and elaborately-constructed stables at Kingsciere caused him innumerable disappointments. Their situation was not healthy, and his horses were always catching influenza. For handicaps Sir Joseph Hawley did not particularly lay himself out, yet when he took a fancy to one he was hard to beat, and the Chester and Liverpool Cups, the Ascot Stakes, and the City and Suburban all fell to his share, while with Wolsey he ran a dead-heat for the Cambridgeshire. He betted heavily and pluckily on his own horses, but troubled himself very little about those of other people, and probably he profited largely by his discretion. In his later years Sir Joseph Hawley undertook the part of a Turf reformer; but declining health and the opposition of his colleagues prevented him from accomplishing a tithe of what he would have desired. There is no possible reason for questioning the sincerity of his motives as a Turf reformer; nor do we see that he was debarred from calling attention to the abuses of racing because he had been a great winner himself as well as a winner of great races. He wagered honestly and boldly on his own property; but he never indulged in that hole-and-corner gambling about other people's property which now degrades and disgraces the Turf. He saw that the traditions of racing were being altered—not for the better—and that a national sport was fast falling into inferior hands; and it must have been a grief to him in his declining years to know that he was powerless to avert the change.

REVIEWS.

HENRY BRINKLOW'S COMPLAINT.*

WE may again wonder, as we have once or twice wondered before, on what principle printed books of the sixteenth century are made to come within the range of the Early English Text Society; at the same time the historical value of books of this kind is commonly greater than that of books whose philological importance far outdoes theirs. The chaotic spelling of the Tudor period teaches us very little in the matter of language; but a setting forth of the evils of the time under Henry the Eighth does teach us something as to a real state of things, while talk about Arthur and the Holy Grail teaches us nothing at all. Mr. Cowper has already edited several books of the same date and character, and they all teach the same lesson—namely, that the age of the B. Reformation was by no means a forestalled millennium, even in the eyes of the reformers themselves. Doubtless there is no class of writings from whose descriptions larger deductions ought to be made. A prophet denouncing the vices of his age has become

* Henry Brinklow's *Complaynt of Roderick Mors, somtyme a gray fryre into the parliament house of England his naturnal countrye: For the redresse of certen wicked lawes, evill customs, a[n]d cruel decreys, (about A.D. 1542) and The Lamentacyon of a Christen against the Cyte of London, made by Roderigo Mors (A.D. 1545).* Edited from the Black-letter Originals by J. Meadows Cowper, F.R.H.S. London, published for the Early English Text Society by Trübner & Co. 1874.

almost proverbial for exaggerating those vices, and shutting his eyes to any counterbalancing virtues. And a disappointed prophet is the least trustworthy of all. Henry Brinklow had rejoiced in the abolition of the Pope's authority and in the suppression of the monasteries. Those two acts were in his eyes the deliverance of the land from Antichrist and his imps. Yet, when he looks at the state of things before him, he finds that the times when Antichrist and his imps had it all their own way were in many ways better than the times which had followed on the deliverance from them. We allow for his disappointment; we remember further that any great revolution, however good may be its working in the long run, must always cause a vast mass of immediate hardship. We therefore make some deductions from the actual blackness of the picture, and we further remember that many of its blackest features may have been momentary evil working in the end for good. A modern political economist would have told Henry Brinklow that the lax landlordship and indiscriminate almsgiving of the monks were really greater evils than the oppression of the new landlords; but Henry Brinklow, seeing what he saw with his own eyes, could not be expected to find this out. Of course the way in which the monastic lands were disposed of pleased no one except the large class who profited by it. One party would gladly have kept the monasteries; another party would have suppressed them, but would have employed their lands in quite another way. Of this last party was Henry Brinklow. He wishes to take the Bishops' lands as well as those of the monks; but he wishes to apply them to religious and charitable and public purposes, not to squander them among another set of oppressive landlords. Mr. Cowper, in his Introduction, minutely compares Brinklow's schemes for redistribution of Church property with the schemes for the same end put forth by Reginald Pole, when not yet Archbishop or Cardinal. Brinklow's scheme is the more sweeping of the two, and he allows the King a certain share, while Pole gives him none at all. But it is curious to see how much the two had in common in Pole's reforming days, when he argued for divine service in English, and lifted up his voice against the firstfruits of English livings going to swell the pride and pomp of Popes, and to enable them to stir up strife among Christian princes. Mr. Cowper says with truth in his Introduction:—

No two men, perhaps, could have been more unlike to one another than Pole and Brinklow. Pole, the refined, aristocratic, conscientious Churchman, not satisfied with things as they were, and preferring expatriation to purchasing the highest honour the State could bestow at the price of his self-respect, looked calmly and deeply into the diseases which afflicted Church and State, and scrupled not to lay bare their sores that he might suggest a remedy; but with that gentleness of manner and amiability of expression which rarely eradicate the evils that are deplored. Brinklow, on the other hand, though sprung from a well-to-do farmer or yeoman of Berkshire, possessed none of the aristocratic refinement, or tender regard, of Pole; his conscience was never wounded by any qualms; with him, to see an abuse, fancied or real, was sufficient to insure a torrent of invective; and he, while Pole only sought to remedy or to reform in a gentle manner, and with as little damage as possible, could see nothing but a total rooting up of all abuses, and the out-turning of all who countenanced or profited by them. With two such men it can neither be unprofitable nor uninteresting to examine into some of the points which they discussed from such different platforms, and to try to discover whether they agree; if they do, then may we rest satisfied that the Reformers did not always exaggerate, and were not for ever harping on imaginary wrongs.

Henry Brinklow himself, though he had been a Grey Friar, became a citizen and mercer of London, and had a wife Margery and a son John. His son was clearly a child when he died in 1546; so that he most likely married after the dissolution of his monastery. This was altogether against the act of Six Articles, and Mr. Cowper suggests that his marriage may have led to the persecution and banishment which he speaks of himself as suffering at the hands of the Bishops. "Although I be a man banysshed my natye contray, only by the crueltie of the forkyd cappes of Ingland for speykynge God's truth." At any rate, he came back from his banishment; and one might be tempted to fancy that the banishment took place only in the assumed person of Roderick Mors, and not in that of the real Henry Brinklow. But it is plain that he did at some time visit foreign countries, from the references which he makes to the state of things in Germany—in the free cities, it would seem, rather than in the principalities—which he finds much more to his liking than things in England. He commends their treatment of heretics, "those that be heretycks in dede, as be the Anabaptistys and such other." They laid "no snarys nor grynnys [grynnys?] to catch menys lyves from them, as doo our forked beare wolvys"; but learned men were set to dispute with the heretic; if he would not be convinced, he was banished from the city, and put to death only in case of return:—

If he contynue in his wickydnesse, or at the first will obstynately contynue and resist the manystest truth, than thei banyssh him their contray or cytys upon paine of his head. And than if he will wylfully or rebellously presume to come in to their contray or town, which he was forbyden, he shal lose hys head as ryght is, because he brekkyth the commandment of the temporal powrs, and not for his faythes sake. Neither put thei any man to death for their faythes sake; for fayth is the gift of God only, as witnesseth S. Pawl in the first chapter to the Phylippyns; so that no man can geue another fayth. Now let all men judge, whether these men or our blody bysshopys goo nerest the Scripture.

He then complains of the difficulty of getting justice in England, how hard it was to get to the presence of rulers and judges, who, according to Brinklow, ought to sit in the gate, like the Judges and Kings of Israel:—

Alas! how long shal men wayte and gene attendance vpon rulers, before thei can come to the spech of them! And how many porters be there

also, to stoppe men from commyng to their spech. Whan he is past one he shal be put back at the second; or if he passe the second, he shal be returnyd at the thyrd, onlesse he be rygh or haue great fryndys.

The Judges, he argues, ought to sit every day, even on Easter Day, and both Judges and pleaders should receive stipends from the King instead of fees. Then comes the contrast with Strasburg and other German cities:—

In dyuers cytys of Germany (as namely in Argentynce) the iudgys and lordes syt opynly every day in the year in their towne howse, saue only on the Sunday, and than also if nede reuyre. And there thei eate contynually their dynars and suppars, so long as thei be in offfice, bycause thei may alway be present to heare the complaynt of the poore: yea euyn the poorest man in the cytys or contray may boldly come into their hall or stoen, thei being at dynar, & no man so hardy as to take them by the sleeve, to lete them from the presence of the rulars. And there may be open his matter hymself without his chargeable man of lawe. And he shal be haard, and shal not be answeryd, "Tary, syr knaue, tyl my lordys haue dyned!" O noble Germanys, God hath made yow a lyght vnto all rulys in the world, to rule after the Gospell.

Strasburg here is "Argentyne." In p. 87, where he says that the mass has been reformed in divers cities of Germany, one edition adds, "as Zurich, Basyl, and Strasburg." In p. 58 we read of "Regenspurg," and in p. 61 of "Ratyspone"; both times with reference to a visit of Stephen Gardiner there. Elsewhere, where he proposes a large scheme of disendowment—how "ye must fyrest downe with all your wayne chantrys, all your proud collegys of canons, and specyally your forkyd wolvys the bysshopes," to whom no temporal possessions were to be left, but only a competent living—he again holds up the example of the Germans—only the cities surely, and not the princes—in their way of dealing with Church property:—

Now for the goodys of these chantrys, collegys, and bisshops, for the Lordes sake take no example at the distrybucion of the abbay goodys and landys; but loke rather for your erudycyon to the godly and polytyck order of the Christen Germanys in this case. Which dyuyded not such goodys and landys among the pryncys, lordes, and rygh men, that had no neede theroff; but thei put it to the use of the comon welthe, and vnto the prouysyon for the pore, accordyng to the doctrine of the Scrypture.

One of the editions of the Complaint was "imprynted at Geneva in Savoye," a piece of geography to be noted, for in the edition which has simply "in Savoy," one might have thought that it meant the Savoy in London. Of the Lamentation one edition is "prynted at Nurenbergh"; but another has the colophon "Made by Roderigo Mors and Prynted at Jericho in the Land of Promes. By Thome Trout." Here the place, the author, and surely the printer too, are all imaginary. How far then can we trust the colophon which speaks of Geneva and Nürnberg?

The complaints and lamentations of Henry Brinklow come to much the same as the complaints and lamentations of other people at the same time. The city of London, according to Brinklow's Christian of the sixteenth century, had in no sort mended its ways since the famous picture of it drawn by the Jew in Richard of the Devizes in the twelfth. But some of Brinklow's political and historical ideas are worth noting. He preaches passive obedience as strongly as any Filmerite of the next century; but he would not have exactly suited James the Second. He vigorously asserts the right of the subject to blame the administration of the laws, and even the laws themselves, and to tell Kings and Parliaments what is the right way; only if, in their obstinacy, they choose the wrong way, and put penalties on him for righteousness sake, he is bound to endure those penalties without resistance. He even goes so far as to suggest constitutional changes. Instead of the usual mass at the opening of Parliament, there are to be prayers and a sermon; may more, all the Lords and Commons—in Brinklow's words "lords and burgesses," without any mention of the knights—are, under pain of losing their seats, to hear sermons, and pretty long sermons, three times a week during the Session:—

It were more necessary, in the stede of the mombled and mynsed Masses (whereby neither God is glorified, nor the hearers edifyed), that some honest, well learned man, such one as wold neyther flater lordes, burgesses, comons, nor kyng, but frankly and frely speake the veryte, shal be apoynted to preach, not only at the begynnyng of the Parliament, but at the least ijij. times every weke so long as the Parliament endureth; and to stand in the pulpet an hour at the least, and not aboue an hour and an halfe, and thereto tell the lordes and burgesses their dues, and to open vnto them such abuses as are to be reformed in the realme. And let all the lordes and burgesses be bound to be present at every sermon, or els to be excluded the Parlamente howse.

Then comes the constitutional amendment, which shows that Henry Brinklow was not at all alive to the merits of a Second Chamber:—

And kepe both lordes and burgesses all in one house to gether; for it is not the ryches or autoryte that bringeth wisdom. And what shal one howse make one act, and another shal breake and disanull the same? That way is not after the doctrine of the Gospel.

On this last point one would have been glad of a reference, as it is not easy to call up any passage of the Gospel which lays down the exact relations of Lords and Commons.

Presently he goes on to attack the law of forfeiture. This third chapter is a very remarkable one. He argues that the wife, children, or other heirs, should not be punished for the crime of another, and he sets forth still more strongly the wrong done to the creditors of the forfeited estate, who, it seems, were not paid their debts. Then comes a statement worthy to be remembered:—

No dowl, the riches of men hath helpyd many an honest man to his death, by the conutes of the offycers that ferme such thingys of the kyng.

He goes on at some length, and preaches the duties of Kings pretty plainly. Then he attacks wardship, purveyance, and

various abuses in the administration of the law. Here is one point:—

Alas, how many wayes, yea how many gyles and suttylteys be there, to auoyde and escape the seruyng of the kyngs wrytt. Fyrst, one wrytt may serue but for one shyre; as though the kyng were lord but of one shyre! But I demand, why may not one wrytt serue in all shyres, yea in all phacyes vnder the kyngs domynyon, whersoeuer he or hys may fynd his defendant? Surely ther is no godly reason why to the contrary, but eyn the only priuate welthe of sole lawers.

He has a fierce declaration against the old Court of Exchequer, and, above all, against the new Court of Augmentation:—

Oh that the kings grace knew of the extorcyon, oppresyon and brybery that is vased in his ij. courtyrs; that is to say, of the Augmentacyon and of the Escheker, but specially of the Augmentacyon! There hath bene moch speaking of the paynes of purgatory; but a man were as good, in a maner, to come in to the payns of hell as in to eyther of those ij. courtyrs.

And presently:—

Well, it is a comon sayng a mong the peple:—Christ, for thy bitter passyon, save me from the court of the Augmentacyon.

All this is well enough; but it does throw a strange light upon things when we find that there were Englishmen who allowed their hatred of the Bishops of their own day to carry them on to such a turning about of English history as this:—

Although, I say, that the kynges of the earth and other high powers wyll not consydre Christes cause, yet let them cosydre theyr owne, what & howe tyrannously the bisshopes kyngedome hath vased their progenitours, Kynges of Englonde? Agaynst whome they ware euer the heades and the begynners, the foundacion and the very orygynall of all mischene. Reade the storrye of Wylyam Rufus, and of Kynghe Henry the Secounde, howe he was vased by Thomas Becket; Kynghe Iohon, howe he was vased of and by Stephen Lanckton, Bysshoppe of Cantorbury, whiche wyll ptyve any Christen herte to heare, as well for the wyched vsyng of the gode Kyng, annoynted of God, as of the bondage and thruldome that he brought the whole realme in.

We believe however that there are living Englishmen of the same way of thinking. What says Mr. Whalley?

DOBELL'S POEMS.*

A N interesting and sympathetic preface by Professor Nichol of Glasgow introduces the reader to a new and complete edition of the poetical works of the late Mr. Sydney Dobell, who will perhaps be remembered as one of the chief exponents of that spasmodic school of poetry which had a brief and flickering existence in the years following the revolutionary excitement of 1848. Mr. Dobell was not thirty when his first poem was published. Five years later his literary labours were well nigh brought to a close by physical prostration; and the rest of his life was a painful struggle with sickness and a broken constitution. His time was then divided between travel in search of health and the management of a wine-merchant's business at Gloucester, which he had inherited from his father. In 1865, when in Italy, he fell into a pit among some ruins, and though the accident had apparently no serious effect at the time, it led subsequently to a definite seizure of epileptiform disease. Even then his disasters were not over; for in 1869, just when he seemed to be somewhat recovering strength, he was flung by a vicious horse, which reared over and fell on him, and he was thus thrown back into a state of helplessness, in which he lingered till his death in August last. It is evident that Dobell was a man of elevated and amiable character, with lively poetical instincts and intellectual sympathies. He had exquisite enjoyment in all kinds of poetical sensations, and indulged his imagination to the utmost. A friend who has supplied some particulars to Professor Nichol draws a touching picture of his gallant conflict with the miseries of his life. His last three years were spent, we are told, "under the constant pressure of disabling weakness; but nothing could dull the keenness of his delight in the natural loveliness by which he was surrounded, the various phases of which, when no longer able to go out of doors, he never tired of watching from his windows." He kept up his interest in public affairs and made notes for future work. "His daily life was such as most men of his tameless energy would have found unbearably monotonous; but he lived in an atmosphere of fresh thought, and his keen perception of humour"—this, if we may judge from his writings, must have been rather playfulness than humour—"helped to keep around him the flow and stir of healthy human life." "To the last he was the most sunshiny of invalids; nothing could exhaust his cheerfulness, nor wear out the sweetness of his patience; his innate brightness and elasticity of mind were strengthened and elevated by spiritual culture into something holier and nobler than mere temperament." Professor Nichol, in more guarded language, indicates the same type of character. Dobell's "real fascination," he says, "lay in the incommunicable beauty of a character in which masculine and feminine elements, strength and tenderness, were almost uniquely blended. Manliness in its highest attributes of courage, energy, and independence pervaded his life. Pure without pedantry, he had the 'scorn of scorn' for every form of falsehood; but the range of his charity was limited only by his love of truth. He was chivalrous to an extreme, and this sometimes led his judgment astray on behalf of fallen causes, with a touch of lofty yet gracious mannerism which recalled the idea of a Castilian knight."

* *The Poetical Works of Sydney Dobell.* With Introductory Notice and Memoir by John Nichol, M.A., Professor of English Literature in the University of Glasgow. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

Like those of most poets, his theoretical politics had a visionary side; but he was far from being a mere dreamer. Of practical well-doing towards the poor, of encouragement to the young and all who were struggling for a recognition of their merits, he was never weary. He could afford to be generous, and to almost all with whom he came in contact, grateful or ungrateful, he had done some kindnesses. To live with him a few days was to breathe a serener air." It is mentioned that when he had to give up literary work in 1858, he turned his thoughts with characteristic energy into another channel of usefulness, planning and superintending the organization of a new, and ultimately extensive, branch of his wine business, in which he was one of the first, if not the first, to introduce the system of co-operation. He held that every mercantile firm should be a kind of commonwealth in which all the workers should share the general prosperity, and his efforts were always directed to carry out this idea. He wished, moreover, to show that there was no incompatibility between a taste for poetry and business capacity.

This personal record of Dobell, of which we have endeavoured to give some idea, will probably be thought the most interesting and valuable part of the present publication; and, if a judicious selection had been added of a few of his best poems, it would have made as complete and satisfactory a memorial as could be desired of one who, if not a great man in the ordinary sense, yet presented an example of a courageous, refined, and high-minded life which well deserved to be commemorated. Unfortunately Mr. Dobell's friends have allowed their admiration for his character to blind their critical discernment in estimating the value of his works, and have insisted on presenting him, not only as a man whose fine private qualities entitled him to love and respect, but also as a great poet; and by way of proof of this they have reproduced almost everything of his composition which they could lay hands on, including even some unfinished fragments. It is impossible to imagine a greater mistake. Dobell had undoubtedly a certain portion of poetic inspiration, but it was sadly diluted in the literary form in which he cast it. What he had to say did not come to much when reduced to its essence, and his manner of saying it was for the most part singularly unfortunate. His versification is usually rough, heavy, and inharmonious, and there is also something oppressive in his extravagant diffusiveness and iteration. Essentially an amateur who worked more for his own pleasure than for that of others, he disdained the labour of expression and finish, and allowed both his thoughts and his pen to run on loosely under the impulse of the moment. There can be little doubt that in this respect he did not render justice even to his own capacity; nor is it difficult to understand how friends, knowing the man, and brooding over his works with affectionate faith, should discover beauties in them which are invisible to others, just as one can see anything one fancies in the fire. It is idle, however, to speculate as to whether Dobell might have turned out a better poet if he had been a different kind of man. Ordinary readers can judge of his productions only by taking them as they stand; and the general impression which is produced is certainly that their merit is much below their pretensions.

Dobell, in fact, illustrated in a striking manner the distinction which is too often lost sight of between a real poet and a person with a poetical nature. He had to a considerable extent the temperament, and even the intellectual qualities, of a poet, but without the faculty of poetical expression. What was poetry in his own mind turned out to be something very like prose in that process of transmutation which was necessary in order to communicate it to others. There is one of the pieces in this collection which may be taken as a significant example of this weakness. It is called the "Wind," and runs thus:—

Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the wold, the wold!
Oh the winter stark,
Oh the level dark,
On the wold, the wold, the wold!

Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the wold, the wold!
Oh the mystery
Of the blasted tree
On the wold, the wold, the wold!

And so on for four verses more of the same kind, with only the change of a word or two in the second and third lines. The general idea which the writer wished to convey—that of some ghastly horror perpetrated on the wold—is no doubt readily grasped, but the working out of the idea is crude and mechanical in the extreme. It is said that Mr. Dobell himself was always surprised that these lines did not convey to others the intense impression which he had endeavoured to reproduce. During a long night of sleeplessness he had heard the branch of a tree blown by the wind against the window-pane, and its mournful flapping had set his thoughts into the train which suggested the poem. One can understand the sort of eerie feeling which under such circumstances might be produced on the mind of a romantic invalid; but the lines which Dobell composed, though they no doubt recalled the feeling to himself, were barely intelligible to others. The same difficulty of giving clear and incisive expression to his ideas is exhibited throughout these volumes, and accounts in a great measure for that extravagant redundancy which makes them so dull and heavy, as well as for the strained violence of language. The writer was perhaps himself partially conscious of his deficiency, and thought to make amends for it by the use of sensational epithets and a profusion of metaphors. In "Balder" this happens

on almost every page. In one instance we find Nature personified first as one sort of lover, then as another, then as a mother, then as a sage, and finally as the keeper of a palace gate. This want of vigorous concentration is indeed conspicuous in almost all that Dobell wrote. It was due partly perhaps to an intellectual infirmity, but probably most of all to the absence of literary discipline. He was educated entirely at home, and was never at school or University, and he had thus from childhood been fostered in that loose, self-complacent, didactic condition of mind which a clever lad is apt to assume when the worship of his family is not sufficiently qualified by rough external criticism. Professor Nichol hints at this when he says that, "to the peculiarities of the poet's early training may be traced many peculiarities of a mind never sufficiently influenced by the contact and friction of his equals." It is possible to read "The Roman," and even some parts of "Balder," and to have the impression for a page or two that it is really very fair poetry that one is reading. But when one comes to ask what it is all about, and what ideas and impressions have been gained, it has to be confessed that diffuse poetical diction has been bestowed upon a very poor stock of commonplace sentiments and observations. There is undoubtedly something prepossessing in the generous enthusiasm of "The Roman," and some of the lines have a vigorous roll; but it is impossible not to feel that 185 pages have been taken up in doing what could have been very much better done in the odd eighty-five or less. The reprinting of "Balder" is less excusable. It is admitted by the writer himself in his preface to the second edition that it was hopelessly misunderstood when it first appeared, and it is obvious that a poem which can only be comprehended after reading an explanatory preface stands self-condemned. Such passages as that in which Balder describes his hunger—

unappesed

That sucks Creation down, and o'er the void
Still gapes for more;

and his resolution to become

the King of men, and on the inform
And perishable substance of the Time
Beget a better world—

sufficiently indicate the state of mind in which the poem was undertaken. The main idea is beaten out by successive hammering into something which suggests gold-leaf only in its capacity for attenuation. It is amazing, after making every allowance for personal predilections, to find a Professor of Literature asserting that "it may be doubted whether any living English poet has scaled the same heights" as Dobell in "Balder." It is true that there are here and there some vivid and not unpleasant passages, but it is surely a gross abuse of words to rank such casual and moderate achievements with the sustained power of Shakespeare or even Shelley. As for the versification, not only of this, but of nearly all of Dobell's poems, it is to a cultivated ear simply exasperating. He made experiments in a great variety of metres, and with uniform want of success; mainly of course because he had never thoroughly acquired the rules of the art. Some degree of recklessness and clumsiness might be forgiven for the sake of deep or highly original thought, or beauty of metaphor; but in this case the reader certainly does not obtain sufficient compensation in that way for the jolting to which he is subjected.

It is in his ballads, such as "Keith of Ravelston," and in the series of poems, also a good deal in the ballad style, entitled "England in Time of War," that Mr. Dobell is found at his best. His sensitive nature caught the patriotic enthusiasm which stirred the nation during the Crimean war, and he has expressed it in a characteristic manner. Instead of following the troops to the field, he studied the reflex action of the great conflict in the fears, hopes, and agonies of the people at home. We have the old market-wife, whose thoughts about her boy keep time to the jogging of her wheels as she drives to market; the little girl who asks when her papa will come home; Lady Constance, who "counts her days by trumpets and alarms," dreaming of her husband's peril; the old farmer, who loses all heart in his farm and takes to bed when the news comes that "Tommy's dead"; while in other pieces heroic resignation or equally pathetic joy is expressed. It cannot be doubted that a much more favourable impression of Mr. Dobell as a poet would have been produced if a choice had been made only of his best pieces, instead of leaving the reader to search for them through such a mass of tiresome prosing. Taking him, however, at his highest point, he can hardly be considered more than a very minor poet. He had other claims to respect and affection, and on these his friends do well to insist. But in the interests of true poetry it is necessary to protest against the efforts of a sentimental partiality to exalt mediocrity into a position of distinction.

KUGLER'S HANDBOOK OF ITALIAN PAINTING.*

TWENTY years have elapsed since the publication of the last edition of this useful guide—a period which has been marked by unwonted research into the history of Italian art. Kugler's Handbook, the first English translation of which appeared as

* *Handbook of Painting. The Italian Schools.* Based on the Handbook of Kugler. Originally edited by the late Sir Charles L. Eastlake, P.R.A. Fourth Edition. Revised and remodelled from the latest researches. By Lady Eastlake. With Illustrations. In Two Parts. London : Murray. 1874.

far back as 1841, is admitted to have done much to educate the public to a just appreciation especially of the early schools. Though not very profound, the style was popular and sympathetic; the manner was what is called "subjective"—that is, works of art were viewed from within, and resolved into "motives"; they stood as outward and visible signs of inward conditions, and became of value according to their power of exciting in the mind noble emotions. This point of view obviously favoured the spiritual schools; the painters of Siena and of Umbria, who had been cast into the shade by Vasari, were advanced from comparative oblivion into a just relative position. This style of criticism, imported, as we have said, more than thirty years ago from Germany, came as a decided advance on the haphazard criticism current in England at the time when Hazlitt and others wrote as fancy or caprice might dictate. But within the last few years another reaction has set in; art criticism, instead of resting on the "subjective" and the emotional, presumes to stand on an "objective" and positive basis. Pictures are now submitted to scientific standards, to fixed laws of perspective, to canons of geometric symmetry, and to defined proportions of anatomic form. This last phase, now in danger of being pushed to extreme, is, as we all know, greatly due to the invaluable labours of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle. As a consequence of these changed tactics in criticism, certain masters who represent the materialism and mechanism of art become in turn unduly exalted. Kugler as a writer is valued for his well-balanced eclecticism—a temper of mind which stands in favourable contrast with the more dogmatic mode of treatment now in the ascendant.

This fourth edition seems to have been "revised and remodelled" on the ground that "Kugler's Handbook, though embodying much that is permanent, has ceased to represent the standard knowledge of the day." But the question naturally arises, What is "the standard"? To take the English edition of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle as the fixed measure of truth would evidently be to do injustice to those most painstaking and progressive of teachers. It is now ten years ago that these writers dedicated their first volume to Sir Charles Eastlake, as a man "whose knowledge of the history and literature of his art is unsurpassed in our day." But the lapse of ten years has so altered "the standard" that this volume, like the Handbook of Kugler, needs re-editing; errors and shortcomings were almost inevitable in so arduous an undertaking, and persistent investigations have naturally led to important discoveries. Some of these new results are embodied in the German edition, and still more momentous changes will be found in the Italian version now going through the press. Thus much we state in order to show that it were vain to expect in this "remodelled" Kugler unerring dicta. The authorities relied on have no claim to infallibility; they do not profess to be more than tentative; often, in fact, they are little else than conjectural, and occasionally they are mutually destructive. Thus one authority overturns what another has set up; nomenclatures, as in the Campo Santo of Pisa, are changed with each succeeding generation, and so the conclusion is that nothing can be concluded. This condition of things seems scarcely sufficiently recognized in the recent edition of this most useful Handbook; the statements are apt to be more positive than the facts warrant. Yet here and there no student can desire better balanced judgments. Take, for example, the paragraph on the much disputed fresco of the Last Supper, discovered thirty years ago in the refectory of S. Onofrio, Florence. The local authorities did everything in their power to exalt a work which indeed could hardly be extolled too highly. They collected photographs of drawings, they made much of a spurious signature in order to identify the fresco with Raffaelle. Yet, when the other day we visited for the fourth or fifth time the convent, now converted into a museum, we became more than ever persuaded that Raffaelle was nowhere present, though we confess that the work had never before made so strong an appeal to us by its simplicity, purity, and beauty. Mr. Layard as long ago as 1858, when writing a description of frescoes published by the Arundel Society, states "that the fresco of the Last Supper recently discovered at Florence is sometimes assigned to Raffaelle and sometimes to Pinturicchio. It is certainly not by the former." There have been various conjectures about the authorship; one we may mention as having heard on the spot, though with little credence. Certain fragmentary and half-obliterated letters inscribed on the garment of an apostle seated at the table are conjectured to read for "Raffaello"; accordingly some experts have, as a means of reconciliation, suggested that the painter was Raffaello del Garbo, an artist of the period held in good repute. We mention this local rumour chiefly to fortify a previous remark that nomenclatures are often little more than guessings in the dark. This vexed question is, as we have said, well put in the Handbook. We presume we have to thank Lady Eastlake for the following passage, though we cannot be quite sure, in the absence of all visible signs, how the honours of author and editor have to be adjusted:—

This may be the place to mention the fresco of the Last Supper, discovered in 1845 in what was formerly the refectory of the Convent of S. Onofrio, Florence. The circumstance of an inscription on the upper part of the robe of St. Thomas with the name of Raphael and the date 1505—now considered doubtful—led to the fond supposition that an addition to the works of the great master was here discovered, and the question of its genuineness has occasioned some controversy. The first general impression caused by the fresco is that it is not purely of Florentine origin, but of mixed Florentine and Peruginesque character, approaching more nearly to Pinturicchio than to any other master. The grounds for its not being by the hand of Raphael are convincing. Assuming the date (1505) to be correct, the short period of Raphael's stay in Florence would not have sufficed

for the production of such an important work. The execution also shows a hand long practised in the art of fresco, and is totally inconsistent with Raphael's youthful and timid touch, as seen in the fresco of S. Severo, Perugia, executed at or shortly after this date. The form of the somewhat broad heads differs also materially from the type contained in his *Sposalizio*, and in his other then known works. And, finally, it is impossible to believe that, ushered as he had just been into a new world of art, with all that was grand, from Masaccio's frescoes to Leonardo's cartoon, around him, and familiar doubtless with some transcript of Leonardo's Last Supper, he should have returned to the traditional mode of representation, which, with all its grace, is embodied in this work. Whether or not by Pinturicchio, there can be no doubt that it is the production of a mature hand and mind.

The revised text on Raffaelle and his works in this fourth edition is for the most part as critical as the student can require. There might, however, have been expected a word on the difficult question as to which parts of the Cartoons are by the master and which were delegated to pupils. No reference is made to the researches of Dr. Ruland. The account of Michael Angelo has also been greatly re-written, yet the publication of the letters from the Casa Buonarroti promised for the Michael Angelo Commemoration may possibly necessitate a revision of this revisal. On the whole, those who have known the old editions through many years will feel that more of Kugler has been sacrificed than is quite agreeable or necessary. For example, the following passage, which by its eloquent language and comprehensive grasp of thought has impressed itself on the memory of many readers, is so clipped and disguised as to be barely recognizable. Kugler introduces Michael Angelo thus:—

Like Leonardo, his talents were universal; he was at once architect, sculptor, painter, and equally great in each art. He was an excellent poet and musician, conversant in science, and a profound anatomist. A proud stern spirit gave his peculiar impress alike to the actions and the works of Michael Angelo—a spirit which valued its own independence above all, and knew how to embody its profound thoughts in distinct creations without having recourse to the symbolic veil. His figures, if I may so speak, have a certain mysterious architectural grandeur; they are the expression of primal strength, which stamps them, whether in motion or in rest, with a character of highest energy and utmost will.

The public have waited twenty years for this revised edition, and yet it still lags behind the time, though "remodelled from the latest researches." Take among a multitude of oversights a few samples. "The Last Judgment by Fra Bartolommeo, S. Maria Novella, Florence," is the title given in the letterpress as well as on the illustration. We need scarcely say that "S. Maria Novella" is a misprint for quite another church—S. Maria Nuova. Further, we read of this fresco that "it was sawn off the wall and placed in a cortile near the hospital, where it is fast perishing." Now the fact is that this noble work is placed beyond harm's way in a museum, where in July last we saw an artist in the Government employ making a facsimile copy in black and white. By a similar oversight, two famous pictures in Lucca by the same master are stated to be still in churches, whereas they at present constitute the chief ornaments in the municipal Gallery of that city. Neither is any account taken of so momentous a transaction as the transfer of the Esterhazy Gallery from Vienna to the town of Pesth; thus the reader will still expect to find in Vienna a "Nativity" by Ridolfo Ghirlandajo, which to our knowledge is, together with a much-prized gem by Raffaelle, in the "Landes-Gemälde-Gallerie" of Pesth. It would be tedious to multiply such examples. We may, however, just add that the National Museum formed in the Bargello, Florence, is ignored, and consequently works by Michael Angelo which have been transferred thither are still left in the Uffizi. In like manner, in the sketch given of Raffaelle, we find that the well-known antique group of the "Three Graces" is said to be "in the Libreria of the Cathedral of Siena." This statement—we speak from memory—is behind date more than fifteen years. This famous group was removed from the Cathedral because nude female figures were supposed to be little favourable to the celibacy of the clergy. It then found a refuge in the Picture Gallery, where, for other reasons, it was deemed out of place. It is now removed to the separate Gallery set apart for sculpture under the title "L'Uffizio dell' Opera Metropolitana." We deem it fair to remark that these errors are merely topographical; still they cannot but diminish the usefulness of the Handbook. And, turning to the index, we regret further to report the total omission of the "List of Places Referred to," which from its obvious convenience to travellers was allowed in the second edition to occupy twenty pages. We can speak of its value because we have used it much; and so important, not to say indispensable, is something of the kind, that in the third edition of Burckhardt's "Cicerone" no less than forty-eight pages have been reserved for the register of the towns where the works mentioned in the text are to be found. In short, the revolution effected in Kugler will have the effect of transferring these tasteful and erudite volumes from the portmanteau of the traveller to the bookcase of the connoisseur.

In conclusion, we gladly concede that few works have enjoyed greater advantages; two hundred engraved outlines constitute almost in themselves a pictorial history of art. The original treatise, which formed a kind of new epoch in criticism, was translated by an accomplished lady, and had the further benefit of being edited by Sir Charles Eastlake. The present edition has been wisely entrusted to Lady Eastlake, who not only inherits valuable notes, but has acquired by individual study much valuable material.

A WALK IN THE GRISONS.*

A HABIT of fluent and desultory writing is a dangerous thing, and is apt to bring its own punishment—and that no halting one—upon the man who has allowed himself to fall into it. This is the third book of Swiss travels that Mr. Zincke has published within two years. The first was harmless, and on the whole agreeable enough, though showing possibilities of twaddle. We were able to say of it, with no great stretch of charity, that it was generally sensible and occasionally commonplace, and not overloaded with small travel-talk and incidents. This description may be made applicable to the present volume by omitting the negative and transposing the two adverbs. We verily believe Mr. Zincke to be capable of better things. But let him look to it, for with a volume or two more of such writing as this he will be in peril—grave, if not desperate, peril—of becoming even as A. K. H. B. Great part of the book has really nothing to do with the Grisons, or even with Switzerland, or indeed with one thing more than another. It may have all been very natural to think or say then and there, and a fellow-traveller who heard Mr. Zincke say it on the spot might reasonably have been well pleased with his company. But to print it all in order to give a full view of "the writer's own impressions, feelings, and opinions," is a different matter. Probably most persons who have had much to do with reading and writing have been struck at times by a train of thought presenting itself in a rather more connected way than usual, and have thought afterwards how good it was, and what a mistake they made in not setting it down just as it came. This is an illusion of the mind's eye which it would take some time to explain, but which is readily exposed in practice by noticing what happens when, even under favorable circumstances, a man does adopt the plan of setting down his thoughts at once and just as they come. The result is such as we now have before us; and a perusal of this book should be enough to cure anybody of the supposition that first thoughts are ever the worse for being allowed to grow and transform themselves in the brain before they are put upon paper. Here there is probably matter for a creditable essay or two; but it is involved in twaddle and vain repetition, nor is it the reader's fault if he fails to pick out the good stuff. Needles are useful things, but not very scarce, and one cannot be expected to look for them in bottles of hay.

Moreover the staple of Mr. Zincke's commonplace is in itself of a flat and unprofitable kind. His moralizing is about half a century behind the time. It belongs to that which, without meaning any disparagement to a great deal of really good work, or to the people who did it, one may call the useful-knowledge period, when it was supposed that everybody who lived before the middle of the eighteenth century was unaccountably stupid and absurd, that the doings of such people could now matter very little to any sensible man, and that the steam-engine might be trusted to make all mankind happy and virtuous. Fifty years ago this was excusable, perhaps inevitable. We retain a great respect for *Evenings at Home* and books of that class, but at this day a man with Mr. Zincke's means of knowledge cannot be absolved from the duty of knowing better. Vague abuse of all the lords that ever lived in castles, and vague talk about gunpowder and roads "disestablishing feudalism," do not become a member of a learned profession in 1875. Is Mr. Zincke very much shocked, we wonder, whenever he calls to mind that he holds his own vicarage by an unqualified feudal tenure?

The difficulty of justifying to the reader our estimate of Mr. Zincke's work is the difficulty of selecting from mediocrity. Mr. Zincke is informed at Dissentis that the editor of the Romanch newspaper is a well-educated man, which he sets down as a notable fact, apparently thinking that because Romanch is not spoken by so many people as German or Italian, the people who speak it ought to be barbarous. Then we have a description occupying nearly a page—not of any striking object, not of any unusual incident, but of Mr. Zincke going to sleep in his inn after dinner. We are told how "human concerns became a spectacle which only suggested evanescent fragments of half-formed thought"; a charmingly candid description which leads us round again to our moral—namely, that evanescent fragments of half-formed thought may be excellent things if you do not print them and expect waking people to read them. Presently we find that, when Mr. Zincke has time, he is very fond of telegraphing all over the world to learn what his friends are about, which he thinks much more satisfactory than writing and receiving letters. Then there are various remarks on the tenure and ownership of land which are by no means devoid of sense, and might indeed be worth consulting if Mr. Zincke would take the trouble to disentangle them from the travel-talks and get up his facts a little. He speaks of "that portion of the land which is held as private property" in Switzerland (it takes these eleven words to say *bookland* in modern English, but that is no fault of Mr. Zincke's in particular) as being "completely at the disposal of existing proprietors"; a curious way of speaking as regards some of the German cantons at least, where the power of disposal by will is, or very lately was, almost unknown. A little further on we come to a startling flight in philosophy. For Mr. Darwin's conclusions as to what things are there is provided the valuable support of Mr. Zincke's *a priori* notions of what they ought to be. Somebody told Mr. Zincke that Swiss education now gives oppor-

* *A Walk in the Grisons; being a Third Month in Switzerland.* By F. Barham Zincke, Vicar of Wherstead and Chaplain to the Queen. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1875.

tunities of rising in the world to people who choose to make use of them, but the stupid ones must remain as they are:—

For a moment I was shocked at the hardness of the statement; but I made no reply, for I saw that it was no more than the action of the inexorable law of natural selection applied to moral and intellectual life. It would not be a law were it not inexorable. The analogy, too, of nature requires that it should be applied to man as well as to the lower animals and to plants; and, indeed, if exemptions from it were admissible in any part of the general scheme, they would be admissible least of all in the case of man, for it is of more importance to guard against deterioration that which is highest and best, if we may so speak of any part of the general scheme, than that which is of inferior value—at all events than that which to us appears to occupy a lower place in the scale of being.

It is pleasing and idyllic to see teleology and natural selection thus kiss one another. Instead of criticizing, we will speak in a parable by means of a piece of travel-talk somewhat of the author's own sort. Not long ago we heard a bewildered Englishman asking a Parisian waiter for some *gigot* of veal, and the waiter vainly attempting to explain to him that he was putting together incongruous terms. "Mais, monsieur, veau c'est veau, et gigot c'est gigot." All that we can say to Mr. Zincke's philosophy is that Final Causes are Final Causes and Natural Selection is Natural Selection.

But this is an unusual display of continuous mental activity. After ten pages more, Mr. Zincke has returned to his normal condition; he again abandons himself to receiving, and writing down with a view to publication, the impressions of the moment. He is "a musical instrument possessed of consciousness, but not of free agency." Nature plays on him what tunes she pleases; "first something rude, simple, and clangorous; then something soft, soothing, and varied." The music, as transcribed in these pages, seems to omit the first part altogether. As to the second, it is no doubt soft, and in a manner soothing; but we cannot find that it is much varied. We are bound to say, however, that these flowers of speech abound much less in the latter part of the volume, and to that extent it improves as it goes on. When Mr. Zincke does get fairly launched in an interesting country, and can keep clear of history and social science, he shows that he has an eager and not injudicious eye for nature, and might claim a very fair rank among observers of scenery and natural features if he could persuade himself that the world does not care to know exactly what he had to eat and drink every day, how much his bill came to, and what he said to the landlord. The chapters concerned with Pontresina and its neighbourhood need only some excision of this kind to make them well enough. Possibly they may be found of some use in supplementing guide-books, and at any rate they have for this purpose the merit of being very recent. Of mountaineering in the strict sense there is nothing. One very moderate glacier expedition is recorded, in which Mr. Zincke discovered, as many others have done, that the "experienced mountaineer" of the books is a very elastic term. Certainly the technical language of Alpine craft may be reproached with poverty. The verbal difference between "fit only for practised mountaineers" and "not recommended for general adoption" is not at first sight very great. Yet the first means, at least in general, a place where people who have never been on a mountain before, or who neglect the ordinary precautions, may not improbably do themselves a mischief; the second means a really dangerous place where somebody once went by mistake, and such that it is gravely doubtful whether any one has any business to go there again. The last incident in the book is the most amusing, though perhaps the phrase is improper, for the superlative implies that a positive has gone before, and that is more than we are disposed to warrant. On his return march Mr. Zincke got a guide recommended for exceptional intelligence, who turned out to be Parisian Communard. At a small inn they fell in with a French mountaineer, with whom Mr. Zincke fraternized. Next morning the guide triumphantly announced that he knew all about him. A man who spoke German and had maps about him could be no Frenchman; he was a manifest Prussian spy.

Perhaps we ought to have mentioned that Mr. Zincke seems not unaware that his peculiar way of treating his subject with "fulness and minuteness of detail" may not wholly commend itself to some readers, for he gives various reasons for it in the preface, which are themselves drawn out in much the same style as the body of the work. We may be very perverse, but we remain of opinion that the matter is not mended by the reasons, nor the reasons justified by the matter.

FRUIT BETWEEN THE LEAVES.*

UNDER this somewhat fanciful title the author gives us, not a story as the reader would have naturally expected, but a collection of papers on a great variety of subjects. Some of these papers have already appeared, others are published for the first time. What might have passed muster when skimmed over in the columns of a newspaper invites a severer inspection when published in a permanent form. We doubt indeed whether we should have allowed our eye to rest for many minutes on these essays if we had first come upon them one by one in the various journals in which they appeared. Most certainly when gathered all together, forming as they do two volumes of respectable size, they far exceed all the powers of attention of which we have any command. Such

papers as these, which from time to time were useful no doubt in filling up the columns of some journal, should no more be gathered together than the poor cousins who in every family fill up the gaps when dinner parties are given and guests unexpectedly are kept away. Each paper and each cousin certainly helps to give the eye a pleasurable sense of completeness. There is no blank space in the paper, and there is no empty chair at the table to offend. But who would care to dine with a roomful of poor cousins, and who would care to read two volumes of Dr. Wynter's essays? Stopgaps are very well in their place, but we do not want to have them in a collected form. There is this inconvenience too in bringing such papers as these together, that it is seen how closely they resemble each other. In the first volume, for instance, we are told in nine pages "How and Where Toys are Made." In the second volume, under the title of "Toys of the Day," we have the same facts given us, with some change of language it is true, for what had before filled nine pages is now made to fill eleven. It may be found instructive, perhaps, to examine the manufacture of these two papers almost as minutely as the author examines the manufacture of toys. We shall be able to see how he expands an idea, and at the same time expands the words in which the idea is expressed. In his first paper, in writing about the model steam-engines, he had said "These beautiful models serve to train up young engineers—one of the great wants of our country." In the second volume he thus expands this sentence, much in the same way as the fire in the engine expands the water:—"These are certainly not toys to smash, but they have their value, and in many cases are doubtless an educational element which influences the tastes of the future man." He goes on to add, "If engineers are to be bred, these pieces of mechanism, requiring thought and care, are no doubt powerful teaching-powers towards the desired end." It is a pity that Dr. Wynter does not give the date at which each paper was written. We should be curious to know how long a period of time it takes for a man who begins by saying of models that they "serve to train up young engineers" to arrive at describing them as "an educational element which influences the taste of the future man" and as "powerful teaching-powers." In what we ought perhaps to call the historical element of his earlier essay he tells us that, though "the implements of real play remain pretty much as they were in the days of the old boys," yet "the old wooden hoop has given place to the iron wire hoop; the tops are now a'so of metal." This is thus beautifully expanded in the later essay:—

But when we refer to toys as toys merely, or things to amuse without ulterior aim, we cannot fail to see that the toys of the past generation had their differences from those of the present day. Writing as an old boy, we may say that our toys were stronger and coarser in their make, and far more primitive in their construction. Let us instance the hoop. We cannot help feeling as we see our sons running along a thin iron hoop with a slim steel hook not bigger than a knitting-needle that our hoops—jolly wooden ones, struck with a solid stick—were far more enjoyable, for hearing as well as sight was better gratified. The jolly bang was more wholesome to the nerves than the sharp ring of iron upon iron with which modern boys are content. Again, the solid boxwood top, affording such opportunities for being split in the pound, was a far more honest toy than the little hollow contrivance of metal that goes with a spring, abolishing the deliberate business of winding up with a string, as all honest tops should be wound.

To pass over for the present the wonderful expansiveness which a very simple statement has here been shown to possess, and to come to the facts, we would venture to question whether the iron hoop is quite so modern an invention as Dr. Wynter would seem to maintain. We have no means of knowing how long it is since he made a jolly bang on a jolly wooden hoop, or, with the deliberate business of winding up with a string, spun an honest top. It is, alas! not a few years, according to our calculation, since Plancus was Consul, and in his consulship most certainly there were hoops of iron. "Military toys," we read, to pass to another division of the subject, "mainly come from France and Germany. In the former country they probably serve as a sort of elementary training to fire the war spirit of the nation. Hesse Cassel provides the suits of armour." In the second volume we find the same facts thus given. "The military toys of Germany come mainly from Hesse Cassel. It seems strange that these peaceful people should help to feed the warlike spirit of childhood. The French instinct this way we can account for; but we suppose there is a rising warlike spirit in Germany which the people instinctively see requires fostering." Where has Dr. Wynter been living these latter years that he ventures on the bold supposition that there is a rising warlike spirit in Germany which is not consciously, but only instinctively, seen to require fostering, and which is fostered by the manufacture of toy-soldiers for exportation? If the warlike spirit in Germany is still rising, quiet people may still have some hope in the fact that the Germans may be wrong in their instincts, for in the same page we are told that "there is some derogatory and feminine in sitting round a table setting up toy-soldiers." Perhaps, however, Dr. Wynter means to say that, however derogatory it may be to play with toy-soldiers, yet the manufacture of them is "a sort of elementary training to fire the war spirit of the nation." But then he goes on to tell us that in Prussia these military toys "are made by prisoners under penal servitude, a far better occupation than the oakum-picking and other rough labour to which our prisoners are put." Why it is a far better occupation he no doubt supposes that the reader will instinctively see, for he nowhere takes the trouble to inform him. We can scarcely suppose, however, that the Prussian Government, in its desire to foster the rising warlike spirit in Germany, would have begun, as a means thereto, by setting the convicts to model military toys. Perhaps it was with a similar desire

* *Fruit Between the Leaves.* By Andrew Wynter, M.D., M.R.C.P., Author of "Curiosities of Civilization," "Our Social Bees," "Peeps into the Human Hive," &c. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.

to foster the naval spirit of our nation that the Government in England, years ago, instinctively set the convicts to pick oakum. They were to tear to pieces ropes which might have been used to hang them, so as to produce a useful article which would add to the safety of the ships that were to defend their native shores. While metal toys are made in France and Germany for political reasons, wooden toys, it would seem, owe the seat of their manufacture to far baser considerations. We scarcely know at which to be the more astonished, the cheapness of wood in England or its cheapness in "the woods of Germany." There, we are told, "pine-trees may be had for twopence a piece," while "the mere wood in this country" of a penny box of toys "would cost the money." When Dr. Wynter begins to instruct those whom he calls "my young readers," it would be well if he would take the trouble to avoid, at all events, gross inaccuracy in his facts. Any child, though it knows nothing of the twopenny trees of Germany, who has ever been sent to buy a halfpenny bundle of faggots, knows that one part of his statement at all events is absurd. But we have often noticed that the more condescending a writer is, the more likely he is to be careless. Perhaps Dr. Wynter considers that his statements are quite good enough for his audience. He rises in a line or two from the price of "the raw material" to more sentimental regions where he breathes more freely. "In the woods of Germany," we read, "the dim shadowy woods (*sic*) are changed into the laughter-giving toys, which brighten up the eyes, and make merry the hearts, of the other little children of Europe." In the second volume this pretty piece of sentiment is thus agreeably varied:—"From out the old sombre pine forests of Thuringia issue the penny boxes of toys destined to make the homes of all Europe ring with joyous laughter—children's tea-things, Noah's arks, filled with only the leading animals, soldiers, &c., and the most 'screechingest' articles that ever delighted the urchin's ear and maddened the old folk."

It is tedious to follow our author through his subject, and show how constantly he has been stealing from himself. It is no doubt in one point of view as innocent a theft as can be well imagined; and yet it requires a certain amount of what in *She Stoops to Conquer* is called "modern modesty" for an author to publish both his original version and his adaptation at one and the same time. Dr. Wynter may with some reason think that such readers as he is likely to meet with will have forgotten, before they reach the middle of his second volume, all the contents of his first. In his method of manufacturing his papers he would seem to have taken a hint from the toy-maker, whose process he describes in much the same terms in both volumes. He says:—

Elephants, cows, and the whole range of four-legged animals are produced in the same mechanical manner. The lathesman does his work almost mechanically by means of a steel model guide, which directs his tool without his even having to think of what he is doing. In the same way Noah and all his family are turned upon a single piece of wood, the feet of one touching the head of the other, and they have only to be cut off from each other to represent the family from whom the whole generation of men has sprung.

There are not a few writers of the present day who, like the "lathesman," do their work almost mechanically, and who use their pen without even having to think of what they are doing. These two papers, for instance, differ but little, in the mode in which they have been produced, from the process which turns out Noah and his wife. Dr. Wynter wishes in the latter of the two papers to bring in the Bicycle. His transition from a penny toy-box to this "manly toy," as he calls it, "conducive to produce athleticism," is not unworthy of the dignity of the subject. "Having descended," he says, "to the cheapest and most infantine toys of the very indigent, we can at a bound revert to the grander toys of the young men of the day." He defends the bicycle as "a capital aid to exercise like football, cricket, and the scores of toys of the young men of the present day." From what he says, it would seem to be the case that, "with the mental strain put upon our young men, the only counterpoise to keep in health is pure athleticism." If our young men mostly read the popular literature of the present day, the strain put upon them would not require, we should think, any very grand toy to lighten it. Even an iron hoop to bowl or a metal top to spin, without the deliberate business of winding up with a string, would do all that can be needed.

Among the papers Dr. Wynter has gathered together there are not a few which are above these two on toys. He might, if he had chosen, have made one volume of perhaps one-third of the size which might likely enough have escaped notice. He never writes well; often, in fact, he writes incorrectly. On such subjects as village hospitals and preventive medicine he has something to say which, though not new, is not as yet so widely known as could be desired. When, however, he gathers together into two volumes what we may not unjustly call the very sweepings of his contributions to different journals, and when he gives the same paper twice over, he exposes whatever may be meritorious in his writings to the severe criticism which the large majority of his papers most certainly deserve.

MARSHALL'S HORACE.

We have sometimes felt inclined to speculate how long the editing and commenting on classical writers will go on, whether each new generation, as it discovers new points of view

* *The Works of Horace; with English Notes and Introduction.* By J. M. Marshall, M.A., late Fellow and Lecturer of Brasenose College, Oxford; Under-Master of Dulwich College. London: Rivingtons. 1875.

in history, theology, and metaphysics, will likewise be able to look at and criticize the literature of the ancients in different aspects or with a different spirit. Do any grammatical or metrical discoveries remain to be made? Will any one, even with ingenuity such as Godfrey Hermann's was or as Madvig's is, be able substantially to improve the texts of the greater classical writers? New light upon Greek art and Greek ethnology, upon Roman social life and Roman law, we may possibly have, for statues and ruined temples still occasionally come to light in Asia Minor and the Aegean Isles, and Latin inscriptions in Italy, France, and Spain. But in the absence of any prospect of finding new manuscripts, our data for correcting the text, interpreting the sense, and determining the linguistic usages of the ancient writers are evidently very limited, and scarcely susceptible of addition. Under these circumstances, with the stimulus of curiosity and novelty removed, when all books worth editing well have been really well edited (a consummation now not far distant), may there not be a danger that scholarship itself will lose some of its charm, and come to hold a lower place among the studies to which men give their lives?

The best answer to this seems to be that the same reasonings might have been almost as well advanced fifty years ago, since which time we have nevertheless seen a great deal of new and valuable work done in the way of editing, commenting, and even text-reforming. Minds differently trained and under the stimulus of a different set of ideas have been able to handle old subjects in a comparatively new way, and to reach a perhaps more perfect sympathy with the author's spirit than their at least equally learned and able predecessors. To go no further back than the last ten years, Mr. Munro's edition of Lucretius, and the late Mr. Conington's edition of Virgil, have in their several ways distinctly and considerably increased our knowledge of the mind and the style, as well as of the meaning in particular passages, of both those poets. More remarkable perhaps, because more generally diffused, and not so readily attributable to any special gifts of particular men, is the improvement in the character of the ordinary school and college editions of the classics during the last thirty years. We can remember a time when the commentary was often as hard to a boy as the text, and took little account of the difficulties which he would find; while, if it were more copious, as in the Delphin editions, one soon had reason to distrust its help, and learnt comparatively little of real scholarship from it. In those days, indeed, editions hardly existed specially adapted for the use of boys; and distinguished scholars would have thought it below their dignity to prepare such editions. Now the rivalry of publishers and the great profit to be made out of a successful school-book have changed all this, and we see series after series bursting into the already well-filled field.

Mr. Marshall's edition of Horace, of which the first volume (Odes and Epodes) has just appeared, belongs to one of these new series, that which Messrs. Rivington publish under the name of *Catena Classicorum*, and which counts among the volumes that compose it some excellent performances, such as Mr. Jebb's, and some very poor ones which we need not stop to particularize. This particular volume seems to us to be quite one of the best of the series, and indeed one of the most satisfactory editions of a classic that we have come across for a long time. The notes are clear, concise, and definite, giving the learner just as much assistance as he may reasonably be taken to need, yet not dispensing with the necessity of his exercising his own thought, nor furnishing him with ready-made translations of a difficult phrase. To hit this mean is the great problem of a school edition, and one that can hardly be solved by any one who is not himself a teacher of some experience. You must not lift a boy over every stile, else he will never get the habit of climbing or vaulting them for himself; his ingenuity will not receive the stimulus it needs. Yet you must not leave him unaided in the presence of any really abnormal construction or obscure thought; for the result will be that, if he is painstaking, he will probably spend a disproportionately long time puzzling over it, and perhaps in the end be disheartened by failure; while, if less careful and more hasty, he will contract that slovenly habit which does more than anything else to spoil his chances of becoming a true scholar, the habit of slurring over a difficulty when some vague notion of what the passage may mean has been reached. Our ancestors feared this so much, or had so little sympathy with human suffering, that they scarcely helped boys at all, but left them to make out the most perplexing texts with little or no commentary, but a great deal of birch in prospect. The moderns have perhaps run into the other extreme, yet it is the less harmful extreme of the two. One must at all hazards keep a well-intentioned boy from disliking his work or growing disheartened over it. Mr. Marshall is more frequent than full in his annotations; and evidently aims rather at suggesting to the learner points to be attended to than at actually solving his difficulties for him by supplying a rendering of the Latin. Now and then, as it seems to us, he is content with giving merely a hint, or a reference to a parallel passage, where the phrase is sufficiently peculiar to make the scholar pause for a moment, and where therefore we should have thought the schoolboy entitled to rather more direct help. We are sometimes inclined to doubt whether even the present improved race of schoolboys, with their minds bent from the age of six or seven on getting scholarships, first at Eton or Winchester, and afterwards at Oxford or Cambridge, really turn up the copious references with which modern commentaries supply them. We admit that, if they do, they are pursuing the most improving of all exercises; and

though we think commentators too much disposed to assume that they will, this is no reason for dispensing with references, but only for sometimes giving a little further explanation. Mr. Marshall does right in illustrating every singularity of use or construction by citations from other parts of Horace, or from the other more familiar classics which may be presumed to be readily accessible; we should wish him only to add now and then a word or two to emphasize the parallelism. In his selection of readings, and his interpretation of disputed passages, we are mostly, though not always, disposed to agree with him. We think, for instance, that it would be possible to show that *veris* in Od. I. 23, 5, *poscimur* in Od. I. 32, 1, *teque* in Od. IV. 2, 69, are readings that ought to be rejected, though Mr. Marshall admits them, doubtfully indeed, into his text. Again, in Od. III. 6, 42, we are not sure that he has caught the full force of *capitis minor* which is said with reference to the fact that, as no longer a Roman citizen, Regulus had no longer any *status familiae*; at least, if he has, he ought to have explained it, instead of referring the learner to Smith's Dictionary. Several other similar small criticisms occur to us here and there in turning over the pages of his book; but even in differing we recognize the judgment of a sound scholar and the taste of an acute critic, who understands that boys ought to be led to regard their reading even of such an artificial writer as Horace as a training in poetical feeling and art no less than in the deliciaries of Latin literary expression.

The brief introductions or arguments which Mr. Marshall prefixes to each ode are models in their way of neat conciseness, giving the learner just so much information as he needs to enable him to appreciate the plan or idea of each little poem, and bringing its salient features into relief. And in the notes he takes frequent occasion to remark upon many of those peculiar bits of poetical usage and skill—poetical dodges, as they may not unfairly be called—which have perhaps done most to make Horace famous, which are the things he is most frequently remembered by, and by which he has most affected subsequent writers. They are the legitimate resource of a conventional writer, and what great writer, possessed of real taste and power, is more markedly conventional than Horace? As Mr. Marshall remarks, he is absolutely indifferent to the distinction between Greek and Roman mythology, ascribing to a deity of the one whenever it suits his convenience all the attributes of some similar ones in the other. His geographical epithets are used purely ornamentally, with scarcely a suggestion of the place from which they are taken. Terms such as Calabrian, Apulian, and Umbrian; Thracian, Dacian, Gelonian, and Scythian; Phrygian, Mygdonian, Thynian, Lydian, Syrian, Assyrian, Egyptian, Indian, and Ethiopian; Parthian, Median, Persian, Seric, are thrown about almost interchangeably. And this curious artificiality has passed from form to substance. Love is perfectly conventional in Horace; there seems no reason to fancy that a single one of his odes is written under the influence of any real passion, even if some of the persons mentioned, like the *matre pulchra filia pulchrior*, are real. The whole thing is merely pleasing matter for graceful verse. For the old religion of course one expects no serious feeling, but philosophy is hardly treated more respectfully; and the only poems where we seem to strike a genuine vein of feeling are those in which he is inspired either by the greatness and historic memories of Rome or by the beauties not so much of rural nature itself as of the simple life which may be led among rural scenes. We commonly contrast this conventionality, this purely literary way of looking at things, with the tone of the Greek lyricists whom Horace had before his eyes, and the contrast is made striking by his constant imitation of the form, and occasional imitation of the substance, of their magnificent performances. But in truth he is almost as far removed in spirit and attitude from Catullus and Lucretius as from Alceus or Simonides. Lucretius is solemnly in earnest; wishes first to convince and instruct, only in a quite subsidiary way to delight; he is so much possessed by the importance of the substance as hardly to care about the form. Catullus, again, although a literary poet in this sense, that he not only paraphrases Sappho but even imitates so thoroughly artificial a writer as Callimachus, is nevertheless not only much less elaborate and artful in his style and versification than Horace, but is perfectly hearty in whatever concerns himself or the contemporary world. Lesbia is no mere name like the Cinara or Lydia of Horace, but a very real person, towards whom he is alternately devoted and resentful. And when he attacks, it is at real and well-known persons that his blows are aimed; among them at the great Dictator himself, and his unworthy creatures, Mamurra and Vatinus. Yet Catullus was probably only some twenty or thirty years Horace's senior. The change from Milton and Andrew Marvell to the school represented by Pope is not so rapid, and hardly so complete.

To discuss this phenomenon, however, and the causes of it, would lead us too far from our present purpose. It may be that Horace's popularity, which has now become so much a matter of course as to be hardly worth disputing, is in excess of his real poetical merit; and this seems to be partly due to what one may call his extreme "quotability"—to the fact that he puts in a neat form commonplace moral dicta which every one can understand, whose very neatness of expression makes them seem to contain more than they do; which, moreover, are easily remembered and reproduced with some little pleasure by the middle-aged man who has forgotten most of his other classics. It may also be that Horace has too prominent a place in the teaching of our schools and colleges. This we incline to believe, thinking that their

usual fault is to keep the learner in too narrow a round of books, to dwell too much on pettinesses, to leave him with a very inadequate conception of that ancient world which it ought to be the chief object of classical studies to bring before him in its various aspects, social as well as literary. But if Horace is to have this extraordinary importance given him, we do not know how he can be better taught to schoolboys, have his real merits pointed out and his difficulties lucidly explained, than in the way followed by Mr. Marshall. His edition is conspicuously practical, the work of a man who must have had considerable personal experience in teaching, and so has come to understand precisely what it is that boys in the fifth and sixth forms of a good school want and can take in. That he possesses the more refined gifts of a scholar—subtlety, ingenuity, and a polished taste—his book sufficiently proves; and it is no small merit to have so distinctly kept in view his practical object even when it involved the sacrifice of his own predilections, the omission of comments and discussions which, however interesting to a finished scholar, would be beyond the comprehension of an ordinary learner.

TWO KISSES.*

M R. HAWLEY SMART'S novels are generally lively and readable, and this one of the *Two Kisses* is no exception. He writes easily—rather too easily, so far as grammatical niceties are concerned—and with a quiet self-confidence which probably carries off a good many of his improbabilities, inaccuracies, and absurdities with the more inexperienced of his readers. His plots, though slight, are quite strong enough to support their superstructure of incidents, and his characters talk sufficiently naturally, according to the natures which he chooses to attribute to them. But it cannot be said of him that he has made any serious attempt to fulfil his earliest promise, and indeed each of his successive novels seems to show a perceptible falling away in point of legitimate artistic aspirations. He writes for men rather than for women, but he grows too decidedly and universally Bohemian even for such men as frequent decorous drawing-rooms and belong by preference to respectable clubs. We are very far indeed from objecting to a moderate introduction of the Bohemian element. We know that the picturesque is generally to be found coupled with the unconventional. We acknowledge the pleasure of exchanging evening dress for shooting-coat and slippers, or of solacing oneself in the smoke clouds of some "back kitchen" after the crush on the staircase where Mrs. So-and-So has been at home. Nor do we object to associate occasionally—in fiction—with the most consummate scoundrels, or even with the hardened ruffians who are to sell themselves to the Mephistopheles of the piece. We admire an original young woman like Mr. Hawley Smart's Breezie Langton, launched upon life under great disadvantages, but whose natural charms more than atone for her antecedents, and who is touched off with lively appreciation till she makes a pretty and taking picture. But we find that comparatively little of that sort of thing goes a long way with us, and in *Two Kisses* we have little else; while Breezie Langton, in the present heroine, has changed into something both hard and commonplace. The bloodthirsty element is wanting, but the whole of the characters, with scarcely an exception, belong to disreputable or frivolous types. The tone of feminine morality for the most part is what we should expect to find in the *salon* of the mistress of a third-rate French boarding-house, while the morals of the men are those of the smoking-room of some second-rate City club towards the small hours. The women, as it is carefully explained to us, keep to their marriage vows, though it needs no small stretch of Christian charity to believe as much. But they talk slang and are frightfully mercenary; they flirt far beyond the borders of decorum, to say nothing of common prudence; they encourage smoking in their drawing-rooms; have acclimatized the Italian institution of the *Cavaliere servente*; address their admirers by familiar abbreviations of the Christian name, and manoeuvre occasionally to make gentlemen kiss them. As for the unmarried heroine, she and her maiden aunts are a household of innocents, and are ciphers in the story. But if the leading ladies are to be considered honest, it is more than can be said for the men. Perhaps the best of them is the husband of one of the ladies in question, who understands and trusts his wife so thoroughly that he encourages her in all her indiscretions, and looks on in smiling complacency while she compromises her character irretrievably. The next best is a young Guardsman who, having gone blindfold to the dogs and the Jews, is persuaded to lay himself out for the hand of a woman old enough to be his mother, but who establishes a character for sterling worth and chivalrous generosity by making an offer in a moment of impulse to the pretty niece he believes to be portionless. Among the rest of the gentlemen are blacklegs, usurers, and City merchants of profound hypocrisy and rascality; and the general atmosphere of the book reminds us of those chapters in the *Fortunes of Nigel* where the hero has sunk below the meridian of the Temple to figure among the sharpers and *bona-robas* of Whitefriars.

All this sort of thing implies a certain acquaintance with certain kinds of life; and yet the knowledge must be more apparent than real, or else the author has drawn heavy draughts on our credulity. There is Major Claxby Jenkins, for instance, who plays the leading rascal through the piece, although many of the minor actors are

* *Two Kisses*. By Hawley Smart, Author of "Breezie Langton," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1875.

capable of very creditable villainy. Major Jenkens lives by his wits, and flourishes in snug apartments. But we cannot understand how he can have feathered his nest so comfortably by merely receiving commissions for acting jackal to money-lenders; or how he has succeeded in compelling his clients to affect to ignore his real character after the many discreditable affairs in which he must necessarily have been mixed up professionally. Although brokerage or usury is his main resource, he occasionally attends provincial races as a betting-man, picks up what he can at pool in the billiard-rooms of provincial inns, fleeces the fast young farmers, scarcely plays "on the square," or at any rate masks his game. In short, he notoriously gains his livelihood by the most disreputable practices; he tells nothing of his antecedents, and has no right to his military title; yet we are given to understand that he belongs to several decent clubs. What is more marvellous still is his extraordinary self-restraint under circumstances of no ordinary temptation. We know the sort of man well; we have so often met him in fiction, if not in real life. Who, the author repeatedly asks, would have suspected that old Jenkens had a soft spot about him? Who, we are inclined to ask in reply, could have failed to be quite sure of it? We knew beforehand that the inveterate old rascal would have some redeeming weakness which might induce the reader to have a sneaking kindness for him, yet we confess we were not prepared for the depths of his sublime and sustained self-sacrifice. Jenkens has a daughter, and that daughter has a settlement of £1,200 a year, and the Major actually administers the money, his co-trustee being as good as a dummy. Yet he scrupulously refrains from diverting any of it to his own purposes, sorely tempted as he must often have been. That may possibly be accounted for by making generous allowance for the influence of the soft spot in his heart, although we should have thought that his inveterate habits of appropriation would have been very hard to overcome. For we give "the Major" credit for really loving his daughter, although he could make up his mind to secrete himself from her for years and to spare her his compromising company. But we cannot understand the abnegation of his behaviour in the crisis of a grand piece of underhand financing, where his self-love had been at stake as well, and where there were no sentimental considerations to influence him. There is one of the principals who employ him on commission, against whom he has a special grudge. It is a certain Roxby, a merchant in the City, and a most sanctimonious scoundrel, who has always succeeded in having the best of Jenkens in their dealings. It is the Major's dearest wish to have the best of the enemy in turn, but he repeatedly declares he will never play him until he holds an exceedingly strong hand himself. At last the fates are propitious; indeed they have dealt him such irresistible force in trumps that he can afford to dispense with skill entirely. He gets wind of a bill to which Roxby has forged a signature. How that shrewd gentleman could have committed such a blunder we do not profess to explain, for his circumstances do not appear to have been in any way desperate; why he should seemingly have made a practice of similar forgeries, we understand still less, as all the time he has been inviting detection by paying advanced rates to a certain firm that they might retain his paper in their own hands. Be that as it may, however, when Jenkens hints at the suspicious signature Roxby turns pale and trembles, and in fact throws up his hand and places himself at the other's mercy. But Jenkens exhibits the most romantic generosity. He contents himself with the barren triumph of enjoying his old enemy's humiliation, and of settling the business immediately in question on the terms he had suggested before. He levies no blackmail on the other's terrors, and leaves the room no richer than he entered it. As passion plays strange tricks with us all, we may admit that Montague Gore, the shrewd, hard-headed barrister whose affections had been seared years before by an early disappointment, might possibly marry a woman of whom he only knew that she did not care for him in the smallest degree; whose life was a mystery she declined to reveal; who had lived in society that was at least doubtful; and who launched into the maddest extravagance, though she had only a few hundreds to her fortune. But Mr. Turbottle, the itinerant "Cheap Jack," is perhaps the most audacious of all these social phenomena. You might have trusted him with untold gold, for it is he who is Major Jenkens's fellow-trustee in charge of the Major's daughter's settlement. Yet in the way of his legitimate business Turbottle swindles the public out of sixpences, and takes an honest professional pride in his sharp dealings. Dishonesty in his case proves the best policy, for he is rich beyond a Cheap Jack's dreams of avarice. At least he can afford to go to prison for a principle; he makes himself at home when he is laid up in a costly Cursitor Lane sponging-house, ordering chickens and wine and all the rest of it, with the recklessness of a ruined spendthrift from the best society. Finally, a promiscuous variety of personages are grouped together in the closing act, utterly irrespectively of character or station, just like the actors in an extravaganza on the stage. There is a marriage and a great marriage feast. The forging merchant gives away the bride to the indignant Guardsman whom he had insulted by inviting him to be the accomplice of his swindling practices; and it is Mr. Turbottle, the Cheap Jack, who gets upon his legs to return thanks for the bridesmaids in the most humorous and successful of speeches.

We might go on multiplying illustrations in confirmation of criticisms that may have seemed harsh; but perhaps we have said enough already to prove that Mr. Smart takes unreasonable liberties with the presumed innocence of his readers. If he has half the knowledge of London life that he professes, he

must be aware that ladies like Mrs. Paynter cannot possibly receive any of the *crème de la crème* of London female society into their very mixed circle, although doubtless she finds gentlemen of the highest fashion very ready to throw over their more respectable engagements for her. He must know that Major Jenkens must have been stripped long ago of those virtuous draperies in which the veteran reprobate envelops himself. He must doubt whether Captain Detfield, chivalrously honourable though reckless in money matters, would have consented to receive his bride from the hands of the scoundrel who had made him infamous propositions with regard to her fortune. But if we concede to Mr. Smart the license of letting his characters breathe the most tainted of moral atmospheres, if we suffer him to play fast and loose with probabilities at his discretion, and civilly consent to take for gospel the strange tale he tells in his own way, then we may congratulate him on having written an amusing story. Many of the scenes, taken separately, are good and spirited. The dialogue is often exceedingly lively, especially on the part of the ladies. The correct and self-complacent scoundrelism of Major Claxby Jenkens is sufficiently amusing. Turbottle, the Cheap Jack, is really capital, and in particular his appearance on the booth in the fair is hit off to the life. But, in spite of repeated disappointments, we remain firm in the persuasion that Mr. Hawley Smart is capable of better things. Even in his present book there are graceful touches of feminine nature, and frequent signs that his sympathies are with respectability and virtue, although for some mysterious reasons of his own he will devote himself almost exclusively to the delineation of social Ishmaelites. If he would only try back to his earliest manner, we believe we might give him almost unstinted praise; but unless he speedily reconsiders his ways, we shall fear he has passed beyond reach of warning.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE biographers and eulogists of the late Charles Sumner have three peculiar features in his political life to notice. He was the first, or nearly the first, originator of that theory of constitutional opposition to slavery which made it possible to organize a sectional Free-soil party within the ordinary lines of political conflict. He was called the martyr of Abolitionism; having suffered perhaps a twentieth part of what other and less distinguished champions of the cause had suffered for it, and that under circumstances presently to be noted. And, lastly, having led the Republicans into some of their worst and wildest extremes—and, in particular, having been the author of that extravagant Civil Rights Bill which attempted to force personal association and social equality with the negro upon the Southern people—he quarrelled with them upon issues never distinctly understood or frankly avowed, but well known to be connected with the disappointment of his personal ambition rather than with any difference of political opinion. All these points are definitely brought up and much dwelt upon in the volume before us,* by men who intend to glorify the Senator from Massachusetts at any expense short of a decided condemnation of their friends and colleagues. The Memoir is very brief, very unsatisfactory, and even in a political point of view very incomplete. The eulogies which it is now the fashion in America to deliver on every occasion that can be seized or created after the death of a distinguished partisan are rather below than above the average level of funereal panegyrics. Fluency is the rule, and eloquence is by no means rare, among American public men. But the habit of "high-falutin'"—of using very big and sonorous phrases which need not always bear any particular meaning, so long as they seem to suggest something transcendental and grandiose—leads to a great deal of indefinite verbiage and a signal deficiency of exactitude and of relevancy; so that American harangues, and especially panegyrical speeches, have all that loftiness of indefinite exaltation which so disgusts the ordinary English reader in French discourses, especially in those of French Republicans, without the literary merit, the grammatical accuracy, the verbal and logical precision of Gallic oratory. Still the three points we have mentioned are more or less prominent throughout. It is notorious that the Constitution of the United States recognized the status of bondage—or "persons held to labour" and liable to be given up on the demand of their masters; it is equally notorious that it never used the word "slave." It is obvious that, the fact of bondage being recognized, and the property of citizens of each single State being protected everywhere, the Abolitionists who conspired to abolish slavery without the consent of the Slave States violated the first principles of the Federal compact; while those who endeavoured to maintain that slavery was or could be as matter of right excluded from the general territory of the Union, denied the equality of the States *inter se*—the very essence of Federalism. Hence the consistent and conscientious Abolitionists held themselves outside of politics, and refused to swear obedience to the Constitution. Mr. Sumner saw that victory was not to be gained in this way, and availed himself of the sentiment which had excluded the word "slavery" from the Constitution, as it was excluded from the familiar language of slaveholders, to deny the constitutional rights of the slave States, and to defy as unconstitutional that Fugitive Slave Law which

* Charles Sumner: *Memoir and Eulogies*. A Sketch of his Life by the Editor, an Original Article by Bishop Gilbert Haven, and the Eulogies pronounced by Eminent Men. Edited by William M. Cornell, LL.D. Boston: J. H. Earle. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.

the Constitution expressly required. There is as little doubt that his was the sounder policy as that Garrison's was the more loyal and truthful course. As to his martyrdom, it is a little too absurd to put him before those who actually underwent death, imprisonment, repeated stoning, and maltreatment for the cause; and in justice, not to Brooks, but to the State which re-elected him, and whose high chivalric spirit has since been proved in four years of desperate strife and ten of civil oppression, the true facts of the case should be remembered. Mr. Sumner was attacked in the Senate House, but not by surprise; he had received ample notice, and had full time to defend himself. He was thrashed, not for Abolitionist harangues, but for a laboured and outrageous insult to an aged Carolinian statesman, and because, in a land where duelling was in vogue, he would neither fight nor abstain from those affronts which the local code of honour required gentlemen to resent. The violation of the Senate Chamber was the real gravamen of the offence; and it proved how violent and bitter was the feeling of the South against those to whom they were bound by a compact which Mr. Sumner and such as he were daily breaking. Had he been assaulted in Philadelphia Avenue, it is probable that the sympathies of the Union would have been with the assailant. Finally, there can be no doubt that he was ill treated by his party. His removal from the Chairmanship of the Committee of Foreign Affairs—virtually the leadership of the Senate—was a boon to the country, whose interests his passionate and vindictive temper was constantly endangering; but it was the act of men who were scarcely entitled to sit in judgment on their colleague, and to him it must have seemed an act of base ingratitude. Still a highminded statesman would not on that account have sown disunion in the ranks of the party he had led, with whose extremist views he fully coincided, and for whose worst acts no one was more responsible than he. The bitter, un-Christian temper of the Puritan, so generally characteristic of Massachusetts statesmen, was eminently characteristic of her late Senator; and the fall from the leadership of Sumner to that of Butler, which marks the recent degradation of the Bay State Republicans, great as it is, is not greater than the fall from John Adams to Webster, and from Webster to Sumner.

*A Rebel's Recollections**, though told in a light and lively style, and though not generally belonging to the graver class of memories recalled by the great names of the Confederate War, are yet something more than entertaining; they are truly if not profoundly interesting, and really if not largely instructive. Comparing them with all we have learnt from other sources of information, we incline to believe that they represent very accurately the general course of events, the temper of the Southern people, and the spirit and character of the war. We have more than once pointed out the utter absurdity of that Northern doctrine—so constantly repeated during the struggle, when it was needed to justify a war waged to keep an unwilling people under the yoke, and so completely dropped when it would have been inconveniently inconsistent with the determination to make that yoke tenfold heavier than ever—the doctrine, namely, that secession was effected by a conspiracy on the part of statesmen and leaders, and that the Southern people generally were opposed to the war. Those who understand America know that nothing of that deference to a chief or a Cabinet which exists in England is to be found among either section of the people; that, since Washington, General Lee alone has ever possessed the kind of power which would have enabled him to carry the hearts of the people with him without first convincing their judgments. There was a strong minority against secession in the seven original States of the Confederacy; the rest remained in the Union till they were driven out by Mr. Lincoln's Proclamation of War; but in every case secession was the act of the majority, and, secession once resolved on, no Union party remained, except in certain separated sections of Virginia and Tennessee which had never shared the Southern sentiment of loyalty to the State. How completely the war was the people's war; how absurd to them seemed the idea that any power or authority was more concerned in it than themselves; how thoroughly each soldier realized the old Greek idea—so seldom real, though so often affected in modern times—that he was fighting for his own, for his home and lands, for his wife and children, for his own personal rights and happiness, is apparent in every page of this volume, and especially in its earlier chapters. The notion that they were to be paid for their services seemed at first a mere subject for laughter, as it can only seem when a whole people has come into the field to fight for its own hand; and the Southern army was in fact the Southern people in arms. Hence some of its military vices and martial excellences, its strange indiscipline and its absolute devotion. Every private cared for victory as much as the General, and felt that the result was as much his personal concern; he felt therefore personally aggrieved if the General seemed to be going wrong, and was inclined to remonstrate. Stuart, our author tells us, said of this strange soldiery at the outset, "They are pretty fair officers now; they will make good soldiers by and by, they only want reducing to the ranks;" and this want, at least in the Virginian army, the experience of war supplied. While the men freely gave their lives, the women not less readily gave the lives dearer to them than their own. No man able to bear arms and remaining at home could face the scornful

looks and spoken contempt of the ladies. Their devotion to the cause, their hatred of the enemy, showed itself sometimes in natural but laughable touches of feminine petulance, sometimes in ingenious and graceful acts of tenderness and courtesy to the soldiers, or less graceful acts of spite to the enemy; sometimes in girlish displays of reckless courage or angry defiance, always in patient endurance of cruel losses and severe privations, of bereavement, and of want. We have heard Southern *exiles* complain of their losses; Southern women at home, among a sympathizing society, finding no humiliation in poverty, make no complaint at all. The "Rebel's" testimony to their zeal and kindness is warm and sincere. Of the civil Government he speaks with considerable bitterness; and we believe there is little doubt that the Commissariat of the South was shamefully mismanaged, and that the final catastrophe was hastened thereby; and there is no doubt at all that the President's personal quarrel with General Joseph Johnstone, and his interference at the critical moment with the resistance to Sherman's march, contributed greatly to the fatal result. Mr. Davis was a good War Minister, but not a great General; and he was prone to interfere with matters which, from the conditions imposed by time and distance, he could but imperfectly appreciate. He seems, moreover, to have been wanting in the flexibility necessary to a ruler of men. We cannot think, with the "Rebel" whose criticisms are before us, that he chose his men badly. For example, he chose Lee for the Virginian command at a time when no one else believed in him; most of his Generals, and many of his civil and semi-civil officers, were excellently selected. But, whether personal prejudice or mere accident misled him, he made a few very bad selections; and then his obstinate resolve to support the men he had chosen, which might have been very valuable to Mr. Lincoln on more than one occasion, was disastrous to the interests of the South. The principal charm of this little volume lies, however, not in its political or military criticisms, or even in the general information it affords concerning the circumstances of the South, so much as in its lively sketches and anecdotes of camp life and civil life, of the bivouac and the home, during the long period when the war raged over the greater part of the Confederacy, and absorbed the entire flower of its manhood, the thoughts and life of its women. No one who once gets fairly into the work will like to lay it down unfinished; and no one who reads it through will fail to feel that he understands and likes the Southern people the better for the story.

Mr. Cozzens's account of the *Marvellous Country** of Arizona and New Mexico is well deserving of attentive perusal, though it requires to be read with discrimination. The writer is not a man of very wide culture or thorough information, and consequently his statements upon historical questions and local antiquities must be taken without too implicit faith, as those of a man who knows little of the general laws of antiquarian science or historical inquiry, and is rather too prone to accept without investigation the first plausible explanation that is offered him. His history of the former civilization of Arizona may be correct to the letter, and again it may not. But at any rate it is interesting to read from one who has visited and explored them a description of the ruins of another of those pre-European civilizations of which America has so many to interest and perplex the student. Those of Arizona and New Mexico do not belong to a very high order, nor do they indicate either an architecture or a social organization equal to those of Peru or Mexico, though Mr. Cozzens is inclined to impute them to a race cognate with the Aztecs. They were existent at a comparatively recent date, and were destroyed, we are assured, not by the European invaders of Mexico, but by the Indian tribe who are now the scourge and terror of the land. According to Mr. Cozzens, the Jesuit missionaries first made their way into this not easily accessible country, and, finding there a friendly people and vast stores of silver, drew after them the tide, not of Spanish conquest, but of Spanish trade. The natives fell under the missionary influence much as did those of Paraguay, and were willing to dig silver for their teachers. But in course of time the Spaniards provoked a collision with the fierce Apaches, and, being by them debarred from access to the mines, deserted the country, leaving their unwarlike subjects at the mercy of the savage intruders, by whose ferocious raids Arizona has been well nigh desolated. The Apaches, however, would need no Spanish provoking to induce them to plunder, slaughter, and enslave any people who could not defend themselves, the more so if their industry and advancing civilization had given them any wealth of which they could be robbed. The noteworthy point is that in this instance alone (with the dubious exception of the Mandans) we have an actual record of a collision between the elder civilization of America and its modern "aborigines," and of the destruction of a settled agricultural people by Red Indians—an example in very late days, and on a small scale, of the process by which, according to some theories, the once vast empire of the Moundbuilders was swept away. The Apaches are still the terror of the entire region. They have closed the wealthiest mines, and still forbid access to them; they make savage raids both on American settlers and Mexican neighbours, robbing and burning, murdering men, carrying off and enslaving women and young girls, and spreading misery and horror for scores or hundreds of miles. Mr. Cozzens nevertheless ventured to visit them in their home,

* *A Rebel's Recollections*. By George Cary Eggleston, Author of "A Man of Honour." New York: Hurd & Houghton. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

* *The Marvellous Country; or, Three Years in Arizona and New Mexico, the Apaches' Home*. By Samuel Woodworth Cozzens. New York: Shepard & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

[April 24, 1875.]

of which he gives a full and very graphic description, and returned in perfect safety. The fertile valley in which the lodges of the Apaches are scattered presents a striking contrast to that broken ground of rock, cleft, canon, and valley which forms the greater part of Arizona, and which renders its scenery as wild, strange, and unlike anything else on earth as that which we have had occasion briefly to depict in speaking of the Colorado and Yellowstone rivers. Some of the illustrations in this volume give a good idea of this kind of country, or at least of its most striking features; and the author's adventures among the fierce Apaches, the quiet Zunis, and other inhabitants of this unparalleled region, if somewhat flippantly told, are both interesting and amusing.

Across America, by General Rushing*, is the narrative of a journey made in 1866, before the opening of the Pacific Railway, from the Eastern States through Kansas, Colorado, Utah, across the mountains to the Western Coast, and through the States on the Pacific seaboard. The story has been told so very often that it seems scarcely worth telling again. General Rushing raves against the Mormons as a consistent conqueror of the South might be expected to do, for daring to maintain practical independence and "local institutions" in the teeth of Federal law; forgetting that they were robbed of everything within the domain of that law, and settled down a good thousand miles beyond its reach. In fact, but for them there would be nothing in Utah worth the attention of a Federal brigadier. Upon the Indian question the writer is more moderate; apparently because he happened to make the acquaintance of one or two men who understood the Red man, and were able to regard the atrocious butcheries committed by Federal generals or Border guerrillas from a point of view more near to that of the victims than to that of the slaughterers. Certain facts and opinions which are in this way scattered through the volume give it its chief interest; the journey itself has been too often made under more hazardous conditions, and described by livelier pens.

Mr. Roebrig thinks that the Shortest Road to German † for the English-speaking student must be through a comparison of English and German words, familiarizing him first with those which are practically identical in the two closely kindred tongues, then with those in which the English word represents another form of the German—that is, where the root is the same, though the form which we have derived from the Low-Dutch differs from that which our kinsmen have maintained in its High-Dutch shape—and with the rules by which the one form can be inferred from the others; i.e. the mode and steps by which the High and Low tongues have diverged. Thus he gives what he calls a rule for metamorphosing German words into English, or vice versa, and a series of examples to be worked according to the rule. The idea is a good one, even for mere practical use; and it would have been better still if the philological fact on which it rests had been more clearly kept in view; few "short roads" are really calculated to save the learner so much trouble, and to save it legitimately. The shortness of the cut in this case arises from the fact that it is really the straight line between the two languages that the author has adopted; no artificial mode of jumping the learner, by other people's aid, over the difficulties through which he ought to pass.

Mr. Hittell's *History of Culture* ‡ is of that brief and general sort which it is tolerably easy for any well-bred man to gather for himself or compile for others, with no special study or peculiar knowledge of the subject. Man is supposed to have passed from savagery through barbarism, Pelasgian Civilization, the Middle Era (middle ages), and the Press age, to the Steam age, in which iron period we are now living. This mode of division is not strictly original, as it reminds one of the Hesiodic order, and of the strange intrusion of the Heroes, like the Pelasgians, into a series with which they have no natural connexion; but it has the advantage of giving the reader fair notion of the kind of ideas and the sort of information which Mr. Hittell is able to afford.

The *Logic of Reason* § is a metaphysical work of a very technical phraseology, and a style so obscure to the non-metaphysical reader that he can by no possibility hope to know whether it veils a muddy shallow or an unfathomable profundity. The writer has certainly read books that have baffled most of the critics, and he is so far secure from impudent handling on their part that not one in ten will be able to understand him, and that one will be unable to say whether he interprets Hegel and Spencer aright or not.

Dr. Sullivant's *Icones Muscorum* ||, of which the Supplement is now before us, is a profound and elaborate account of the mosses peculiar to North America which have not yet been figured—that is, of the rarer and less known—illustrated by very neat and accurate engravings. It is one of those works whose very perfection impairs their usefulness for general purposes, of which copies should be preserved in the British Museum and other great

* *Across America; or, the Great West and the Pacific Coast.* By James F. Rushing, late Brevet Brigadier-General, U.S.V. New York: Sheldon & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

† *The Shortest Road to German.* Designed for the Use of both Teachers and Students. By F. L. O. Roebrig. Ithaca: Andrus, McCham, & Lyons. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

‡ *A Brief History of Culture.* By John S. Hittell. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

§ *The Logic of Reason; Universal and Eternal.* By Laurens P. Hickok, D.D., LL.D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

|| *Icones Muscorum; or, Figures and Descriptions of most of those Mosses peculiar to North America which have not yet been Figured.* By the late W. S. Sullivant, LL.D. Supplement, Posthumous. With Eighty-one Copperplates. Cambridge, Mass.: C. W. Sever. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

libraries or scientific institutions, and whose existence it is the duty of more popular treatises to make known to the student.

Homans's *Banker's Almanac and Register** contains a list of the banks of the United States, national and other, tables summarizing the balance-sheets put forth by a few of the most important, and a variety of statistics relating to the movement of the public debt; a useful trade list, but little more.

Mr. James's *Passionate Pilgrim* † is a collection of not ungraceful stories. *Starting Out* ‡ is a tale of the ruder conditions of American life, with a theological purpose, and occasional sketches of the working of Church organizations and the doings of religious "Visitors" in the States, where the poor man's home seems to be no more free from benevolent intrusion than it is in England.

* *The Banker's Almanac and Register for 1875.* Edited by B. Homans, Jun. New York: Published at the Office of the "Banker's Magazine." London: Trübner & Co.

† *A Passionate Pilgrim, and other Tales.* By Henry James, Jun. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

‡ *Starting Out: a Story of the Ohio Hills.* By Alexander Clarke, Author of "The Gospel in the Trees," &c. Philadelphia: Lippincott. London: Trübner & Co.

It has come to our knowledge that a person, whose name is quite new to us, has solicited gratuitous admission from the Manager of a London Theatre on the pretext that he represented the SATURDAY REVIEW as dramatic critic. We beg leave to inform all Managers of Theatres that no one is authorized by us to make any such application; and it may always be taken for granted that any person who makes it is totally unknown to this Journal.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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